

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE: RECEPTION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARIE AT SIGMARINGEN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is an interesting article in *Harper's Weekly* in connection with Mr. Rudyard Kipling's strictures in the *Times* respecting American helps. He speaks of the despair of the American housekeeper of ever getting a good servant, and of the immense inconvenience arising from the absence of even tolerably good cooks. This interferes with all the comforts of domestic life, as we understand it in England, and drives people to take their meals at the hotel, where again, except for a civil nigger or two, the "attendance" is abominable. While admitting much of this, *Harper* maintains that for a country at large it is a good sign that servants are scarce and dear. "Their very insufficiency is due to the abundant opportunities of American life, which makes it possible to train up children to employments which are, or seem to be, more desirable than domestic service. The countries in which domestic service is most satisfactory to the employers are those in which families find employment in it for successive generations, and take pride in doing it efficiently." This is very well put, but the writer seems hopeless as to any improvement in the matter in question; domestic life for generations is fated to be thus inconvenient; luxury to a few hundreds will always be possible, but comfort to tens of thousands will be unknown. Still, "after all, there must be something like fifty-nine millions out of our sixty millions who find this the most comfortable country to dwell in on earth." This is very satisfactory from a humanitarian point of view, but it "throws up the sponge" as regards domestic service altogether; whereas it would really seem that the great Republic is just the place for it to flourish under the best conditions. There could be no servility where all men are equal; there need be no touching of caps or calling men our "masters"; the employer would come down from his pedestal and stand socially on the same level with his servant. And why should not domestic service be performed in a brotherly and sisterly way, as it is performed in households where no servants are kept? It is the foolish habit of "standing on our dignity," and mistaking rudeness of speech and manner for independence of character, that is the real obstacle to American improvement in this matter. To oil an engine for a railway company is admitted to be work for a future President, but to clean a gun for a private individual is thought to be a degradation. The sentiment which makes this distinction, though it holds itself very high, is by no means of a lofty character.

It is not so long ago that two ladies attended the obsequies of their husband; and, indeed, though the incident was uncommon, there is no reason in this age of divorces why it should be so. It was said at the time, however, that the case was unparalleled, and also that the attendance of two husbands at the grave of one wife had never happened in England. This, nevertheless, took place in the case of the lady married to Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of the second Earl of Rosebery, in 1755. Their union took place without the knowledge of their relatives on either side, but it was a very happy one. When they were abroad together her Ladyship was stricken with mortal illness, and, calling for pen and paper, wrote these words: "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex; my maiden name is Catherine Cannon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe." Amazed beyond expression, but losing nothing of his affection for his late wife through this confession, Lord Dalmeny embalmed the body and brought it to England. He was, one conjectures, a young man, and the circumstances were such as might well have disturbed even a judicious mind. He was so imprudent as to land under a feigned name at Colchester, where the Custom House officers insisted upon opening the chest on suspicion of its containing smuggled goods. Upon this, much more serious complications arose, and it became necessary to give a full explanation of the matter, and to send for Mr. Gough to identify the body. The meeting of the indignant husband with the man who had unwittingly wronged him was, we are told, most moving: "of the two the latter appeared most solicitous" (which is not altogether surprising) "to do honour to the deceased. He had a splendid coffin made for her, and attended her corpse to Thorpe, where Mr. Gough met him, and the burial was performed with all due solemnity in the presence of them both." His Lordship, we are told, departed afterwards "inconsolable"; but it seems he married again, and was probably more careful in making inquiry as to the lady's antecedents.

There is humour in everything, we are told, to him who looks for it, even in the most unexpected places, and the same thing is, unfortunately, true of pathos. It is often the last thing we are thinking about, when it suddenly confronts us and turns the smile to gravity, as in the case of the boy who, "ranging the woods to start a hare," comes on the haunt of a fierce old bear "lying in bones and blood." There is nothing, for example, that mankind has been accustomed to ridicule more than the use of hair-dye. It has been hitherto a subject which the world has agreed to treat with levity. The divines and moralists have been very severe on false hair. Tertullian reminds such of his congregation who wear wigs that it was possible the person to whom they originally belonged was already in the infernal regions; and Clement of

Alexandria told his people who knelt to receive his blessing that they must please to remember that it rested on the wig and did not pass through to the wearer. But the practice of dyeing the hair has at worst been laughed at as one of the vanities of the upper classes. It now appears, however, that hair-dyes have a much larger sale among the poor, and for a very sad and serious reason. When a labourer or mechanic grows old he finds it more and more difficult to obtain work, and he dyes his hair in order to get a better price in the labour market. If he belongs to a trade union, this is, indeed, absolutely necessary, for by the rules of such societies all workmen are bound to be paid the same wage, and under such circumstances the employer, of course, prefers a young man to an old one. The revelations of poverty at least keep pace with the discoveries of science, and no sooner do we congratulate ourselves upon some advance in civilisation than our boast is reproved by some sad scene from the circles it has failed to benefit.

In this connection the reports of the special correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* upon the London workhouses, though very interesting, are far from exhilarating reading. Cold and want—in their crudest form, at least—are, indeed, absent from these institutions, but what a picture of hopeless melancholy their inmates present! All tender feeling seems to have fled from them—which is, perhaps, a merciful dispensation—but egotism and selfishness remain as strong as ever. Only in a very few cases can affection itself endure in so chilling an atmosphere: notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, when poverty comes in at the door, love, it seems, flies out at the window. It was the great reproach against the workhouse in old times that husband and wife, even in advanced age, were separated, and the touching wish embodied in "John Anderson, my Jo," could not be carried out. But, as a matter of fact, it now appears that the wish itself is wanting. "I've looked after he for forty year," says an ancient dame, "and I've had enough of it"; and "I came in here on purpose to get out of the reach of the old gal's tongue," retorts the husband. Only a few couples still care for one another's society, we are told. As to life in the drawing-room—i.e., the bed-sitting-room—what can be expected in a place where "sixty old women sit with their backs to the wall, facing one another, and doing absolutely nothing." What a terrible occupation is thus presented to the mind's eye! On the wall, by way of ornament, one would think, rather than encouragement, are inscribed the words, "And there shall be no more death!" It is surely more of life than death that these poor creatures have cause to be afraid.

We know, on good authority, that to give a cup of cold water to a fellow-creature in his need may eventually be well rewarded; but it is seldom that that particular act of charity meets with such generous recognition as happened the other day. A lady has just been bequeathed £150,000 for performing this service to an unknown old gentleman in a crowd in St. James's Park upon a Drawing-Room day. Everyone else, when he showed symptoms of faintness, said, "He is drunk"; but this excellent and sagacious woman made a better diagnosis, helped him to a seat, and sent a boy for a glass of water. If she had fetched it herself there is no knowing what might have been left her. However, even as it was, she did pretty well. An instance of gratitude such as this should have a good effect in the promotion of charity, and, as far as a glass of water is concerned, there are good many people who would incur that outlay upon the off-chance of a legacy; but it should be remembered it is not the shape that kindness takes but the kindness itself that appeals to the human heart, and in this female Samaritan this old gentleman no doubt recognised one who would have done far more for him had it been in her power. It is the will and not the deed that reaps these rewards of benevolence, and it is useless to stand in the most crowded thoroughfare in hopes of a windfall with no more moral equipment than a mug in one hand and a cardcase in the other. I have known some good people who have invested in this sort of speculation a great deal more than a glass of water, put themselves to great inconvenience for years, and lost, among other little matters, the last vestige of self-respect, and yet never received £150,000 pence for it all.

There is a record of a crossing-sweeper who received from a kindly merchant a penny a day. On one occasion, however, the gratuity was not offered, and on the man's asking the reason the merchant frankly replied: "My good fellow, I have not got a penny, and if I cannot scrape together a thousand pounds by this evening I am a ruined man." "Oh! if that is all," said the sweeper, "I'll give you a thousand pounds with pleasure." But one may give five hundred crossing-sweepers a penny five hundred times without hitting on the right one. The simple fact is that for the entertainment, with its consequences, of an angel unawares the host himself requires to be a bit of an angel, which limits the number of eligible candidates for the reward exceedingly.

To be distinguished was one of Matthew Arnold's terms of praise: he was not only deserving of the title himself, but looked so; I have known few more distinguished-looking men. He used the word, however, in the sense of something separate, and applied it to the individual. Among West-End tradesmen it is given, it seems, to a

type, and has very little to do with the possession of genius or superior intelligence of any kind. So far as flesh can be compared with fur, it has a strong affinity in their minds with an "immensikoff" overcoat and astrachan cuffs. "He was so distinguished-looking," said one after another of them, in connection with a gentleman charged with swindling them right and left, "that, of course, we sent the things without inquiry. He said he lived in the country, and we thought it must be a great country house, he looked so very distinguished." How few of us have ever thought of cultivating our advantages in this respect! For all we know (though we may suspect), we may possess this attribute in an extreme degree, and it is not a matter which cannot be tested. We have only to walk into the first good shop in Bond Street or Piccadilly and order some expensive goods to be sent to us at the Manor House, Slippington. If it is all right, if we are not mistaken as to our personal appearance, the obsequious salesman will say, "Certainly, Sir!" but if one's looks don't quite rise to real silver and a manor house he will say, "We should like a reference," or, should we be too insistent on the matter, he will make it to a policeman. To know oneself may be a difficult business, but here is at least a short and simple method for finding out what other people think about one. It is said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but to be born "distinguished-looking" is, it seems, to have a cheque in one's pocket that is honoured anywhere and does not require even a signature.

It is interesting to learn that it has at last been discovered by a German savant that the bacillus lives in the earth. For the last ten years all the faculty have been endeavouring to run it to ground, and Professor Pettenkofer has, it seems, succeeded. Now it is buried, one hopes it will not be dug up again; but "disturbances in the ground," we are told, "rouse it from its torpor," and under "certain atmospheric conditions it is tempted into the open," just as invalids try a bath-chair on a mild day. This is a touch of humanity, and almost suggests that we could make some friendly arrangement with the microbe, but in the next paragraph we are fighting the air again—"The atmospheric envelope of the globe is at present in a bacillophil humour," a statement, to say the least of it, which scarcely lends itself to illustration.

A remarkably dramatic incident was to be found under the head of "Shipping Intelligence" the other day. The proprietor of a wild-beast exhibition was taking it, by sea, to Lübeck, when the vessel was overtaken by a storm. There would have been danger in any case, but the waves beat against the cages of the animals and loosened the framework, and every moment a lion or a tiger was expected to be at liberty, which made the position infinitely more awful and perilous. As a matter of fact, a lion did get loose, and instantly attacked a horse, when one great wave, fortunately, carried both into the sea. This is a sort of subject that Victor Hugo would have delighted to portray, but which nine-tenths of his readers would have pronounced incredible. It is certainly one of those cases where truth appears stranger than fiction; so far, however, from this being so, it is only another example of how Nature plagiarises from humanity and takes men's imagination for its pattern. Shelley, in his "Vision of the Sea," has painted the same amazing catastrophe—a shipwreck complicated by loose tigers.

Seven Scotch judges have quashed a conviction against certain persons for cockfighting, because "if Parliament had intended to prohibit it, it would," they thought, "have done so in unmistakable language." Parliament must have been longer than usual in expressing itself intelligibly, since the first statute against this pastime dates from the reign of Edward III. It has always been the habit with judicial minds of a second-rate order to "administer the law as they find it"—that is, to follow its letter, no matter how contrary to its spirit, and to ignore the claims of humanity and common-sense. In this they mistake vanity for independence of character. It is probable these Solons know very little of the history of cockfighting and the evil part it has played in brutalising the community. Though this cruel sport is popular in other countries, it has always had a "bad eminence" in England. Here, alone, were the Battle Royal and the Welsh Main: in the first the number of fowls was unlimited, and the fight a *mélée*; in the second the contest was carried on pair by pair. Let us suppose that there were sixteen pairs: "of these, the sixteen conquerors were pitted against one another a second time; the eight a third; the four a fourth; and lastly, the two a fifth—thirty-one cocks having eventually been slaughtered." A terrible instance of the brutality bred in those devoted to the pursuit was that of Mr. Ardesoif, a young man of vast fortune and position. He was an ardent cockfighter, and with one fowl had won many matches. This unhappy bird, however, chanced on one occasion to be beaten, whereupon his owner had it tied to a spit and roasted before a large fire alive. Its screams were so affecting that even Mr. Ardesoif's cockfighting friends expostulated, whereupon he seized the poker, and, exclaiming that he would be the death of anyone who interfered, fell down dead upon the spot. This circumstance is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1789. "If Mr. Ardesoif had his foibles," says the editor, "his merits greatly outweighed them."

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING AT SIGMARINGEN.

The marriage of Princess Marie of Edinburgh to the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania took place on Tuesday, Jan. 10, at Sigmaringen, in South Germany, the residence of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, father of the bridegroom and brother to the King of Roumania. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Marie and her sisters, arrived from England at Sigmaringen on Sunday, Jan. 8, about an hour after noon; they were met on the platform of the railway station by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and his three sons—namely, Prince William, the eldest; Prince Ferdinand (Crown Prince of Roumania), who wore the dark-green uniform of the Roumanian Jagers; and Prince Charles; the Princess of Hohenzollern received her future daughter-in-law in the station waiting-room. On the next day, Monday, arrived King Charles of Roumania from Bucharest, the German Emperor William II. from Berlin, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, all of whom were received by Prince Leopold at the railway station. Sir John Cowell was there in attendance from our Queen. Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, arrived by the same train with the Emperor.

The proceedings on Tuesday were threefold, consisting, first, of the civil marriage; secondly, of the Roman Catholic Church marriage; and thirdly, of the Protestant Church marriage, each performed in its own place. At two o'clock the first ceremony took place in the Red Hall of the castle, being performed by the minister of the Royal House, Herr von Wedel. At four o'clock the marriage was celebrated in the town church of St. John, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The German Emperor, wearing the uniform of an English Admiral, escorted the Duchess of Edinburgh into the church, followed by the King of Roumania with the Princess of Hohenzollern, and the Prince of Hohenzollern with the Duchess of Connaught. The bridegroom wore over his Roumanian uniform the Order of the Black Eagle, which had the day before been presented to him by the German Emperor. The bride entered the church leaning on her father's arm, and took her place by the side of Prince Ferdinand, in front of the altar, and at once the service commenced. While the organ pealed forth the "Hallelujah" from "Judas Maccabaeus," the company left the edifice, to assemble, after a short interval, in an extemporised chapel adjoining the Ancestors' Room. Here the ordinary Anglican marriage service was conducted by the Rev. W. V. Lloyd, private chaplain to the Duke of Edinburgh. At half-past six a banquet was held in the new dining-hall, and thereafter the bride and bridegroom departed for Krauchenwies Castle, where they will spend the first part of the honeymoon.

## THE TROUSSEAU.

Princess Marie's wedding dress was of pure white ribbed silk, the skirt and round train being cut all in one. It was embroidered round the hem with pearls, crystals, and tiny silver sequins, the design being a particularly beautiful one. Two lines of embroidery tapered up the front of the skirt from the hem to the waist, and it was further ornamented with graceful sprays of orange-blossoms. The bodice was also trimmed with similar embroidery and a berthe of white velvet, of which the short puffed sleeves were also formed. The folded belt was of white satin ribbon tied at one side with a spray of orange-blossoms.

Princess Victoria's dress was of delicate sky-blue brocade, the bodice arranged with a folded berthe and puffed sleeves of velvet to match. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh wore an exactly similar gown, made in a lovely shade of pink. The little Princess Beatrice wore a frock of deep-cream silk, with exquisite Valenciennes lace and rosettes of baby ribbon. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore at the wedding a magnificent gown of pinkish mauve satin, brocaded in a design of river flowers and foliage in perfectly blended tints of green and pale gold. It was trimmed with shaded moss-green velvet, enriched with wonderful embroidery in silk and gold. The Duchess wore a number of superb jewels.

## MANSION HOUSE JUVENILE BALL.

In all the glad New Year no "madder, merrier" frolic than when the little people, 900 strong, mustered in the City on the evening of Jan. 5. There, as the programme quaintly set forth, "Ye Lord and Lady Mayoress held great revels with ye little folks at ye Mansion House." At seven of the clock young masqueraders began to arrive, and, divested of their outer envelopes, were duly presented to his Lordship and the Lady Mayoress. The little people filed past in motley procession, amid comments and congratulations. The tiny grandchildren of the giver of the feast made a small sensation as they appeared, the costumes being exact reproductions of those worn by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Miss Dora Labouchere was a delightful Carmen; and three wee brothers Barrett were excellent dandies of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The three children of Sir Joseph Barnby posed as Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Portia. Quite a unique dress was worn by Miss Irene Roper-Parkington as a Priestess of Isis. A blue robe, much bespangled with crescents, stars, and other "strange devices," together with a gold head-dress and long white veil, made excellent effect. Major Baggally's sons were very attractive insects—the elder, Colin, as a stag-beetle, most picturesque in a purple-brown velvet dress, embroidered to imitate the markings of the "beastie," and

wonderful headgear with wide-spreading "horns"; the younger lad, as a grasshopper in hand-painted green satin, was very smart. Two dainty sisters—Rosie and Lily Oakes—were most happily named "Sprites," their grey satin hoods and doublets over short grey tulle skirts skilfully arranged. Small huntsmen were numerous, and a gay little chap in black and yellow on being presented as "His Lordship's Jockey" was commissioned at once to win the next Derby for the Lord Mayor of London. A dark, handsome boy as an "Arctic Explorer" in Canadian blanket and furs was distinctly appropriate to the climate; and surely a more picturesque "Lady of the First Empire" than Miss Mendelssohn could not have been. Among a very representative European peasantry, Miss L. Fenwick was specially attractive as a Swedish maiden. Master Beard's dress deserves a special note of admiration; while the sheep who turned tails on so dainty a "Bo-Peep" as little Miss Beard richly deserved to come home without them. Miss Pleasance Alt wore a gorgeous Eastern dress as "the Pasha's daughter"; the faithful "Morgiana" was also much admired as represented by Miss Nellie Blyth, and Master Lobb was a full-blown Field Marshal. Miss Elsie Milman made a comely "Mistress Gilpin"; Miss Olive Billinghurst figured as a Great-Grandmother in spectacles and mittens, and Master Philip Watts proclaimed himself "Lord Mayor's Herald." A truly charming sight was presented as the children filed past the Lord Mayor in long procession up the ball-room. Classic "Punch and Judy" were not absent, and the fun went fast as Rozella's marionettes paraded before the juvenile audience. There were jugglers, Swiss

At the London Hospital, as at most of the metropolitan hospitals and infirmaries, Christmas was pleasantly celebrated by an entertainment, in which Santa Claus played a prominent part. The sight of the little invalids appreciating with such zest the amusement provided for them must have amply repaid all the exertions made on their behalf by the talented ladies and gentlemen who tirelessly ministered to their enjoyment. We are glad to be able to chronicle these instances in which "Christmas, the Children's Festival," was made the occasion for the bestowal of "gracious charity to leaven lowly lives."

## "ROBIN GOODFELLOW."

Mr. Carton has many of the qualities which make a successful playwright, but the faculty of telling a plausible story is not one of them. In "Liberty Hall" you do not care a button about the plot. It is wholly unconvincing, but the charm of the play is luckily quite distinct from the action. In "Robin Goodfellow," however, Mr. Carton has set himself desperately to build an elaborate structure, "a solid edifice of conjecture," to use a happy phrase which occurs in the piece; and you are doomed to watch one impossible brick rising above another with the certainty that the whole will presently come down with a crash. Character, dialogue, everything is sacrificed to this impossible architecture. The story might be told thus: This is the house that Mr. Carton built. This is a grandmother with heart-disease who lives in the house that Mr. Carton built. This is Robin Goodfellow (called in sane moments Hugh Rokey), who is a shiftless but agreeable young man, who has a grandfather who threatens to foreclose a mortgage on the property of grandmamma, who lives in the house that Mr. Carton built. This is grandmamma's son, an elderly scamp, who gets hold of her money by power of attorney, and switches on to the wrong matrimonial track the shiftless but agreeable young man who, &c. I pause here because this method of narrating the plot is so far sufficient to indicate the perfectly appalling labour to which Mr. Carton has girded his energies. Sisyphus was a frivolous lounger compared with the author of "Robin Goodfellow," who toils uphill with this tale of the elderly scamp who induces his daughter to be the accomplice in a piece of treachery which could not have endured for a day. I am asked to believe that Miss Kate Rorke would have allowed her cousin, Miss Rose Norreys, to be the victim of a fraud which leads her to believe that her lover is married, and to accept Robin Goodfellow in his stead—and all because grandmamma has heart-disease, and must not be frightened by the news that the elderly scamp has made ducks and drakes of her money. The grandfather, who holds the mortgage, and insists that Robin Goodfellow shall marry the wrong woman, is not introduced to us in the flesh. He works the creaking oracle in the background, and dies in the nick of time to set everything straight. It is all very well for Mr. Carton to put into the mouth of Miss Kate Rorke a yearning for the time when the world was young and believed in fairies; but the world was never so young as to be taken in by this cock-and-bull story about grandpapa with the awful mortgage and grandmamma with the heart-disease; and, what is more, no self-respecting fairy would have lent any countenance to such a preposterous legend.

This is the truth about "Robin Goodfellow," but it is not the whole truth. There is some capital writing in the play. The jokes are a little thin now and then, but the best of them are excellent, and they live chiefly in the part played with no little audacity by Miss Compton, who represents the lively, not over-refined, but very good-natured wife of an absent gentleman, vaguely described as "on leave." As a study of character this is the most successful stroke in the comedy. It is consistent, a trifle overdrawn perhaps, but fresh and vivid. Whenever Miss Compton is on the stage she brings with her airs from—well, from garrison towns, and I welcome her with delight as an actual person. Robin Goodfellow, on the other hand, played with great skill and judgment by Mr. Forbes Robertson, soon becomes a lay figure. He is too manifestly a tenant of the terrible house which Mr. Carton would insist on building. Valentine, the elderly scamp, gives Mr. Hare very little chance, though this expert comedian contrives to put body into the most spectral situations. I withdraw my remark about Mr. Forbes Robertson and the lay figure. There is a scene in which this actor and Miss Norreys represent the complete boredom of the pair about to make the wrong marriage (which, I need scarcely say, does not come off), and this scene is played with a delicate art which alone would make "Robin Goodfellow" worth seeing. By all means go and see it.

L. F. A.

## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH. WEDDING NUMBER.

Our Next Week's Issue will consist of Forty Pages and a specially designed Cover, and will form a picturesque and pleasant memento of the Royal Wedding at Sigmaringen. Numerous Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. J. Schönberg, and other Illustrations by our Special Photographer, Mr. Russell of Baker Street.

The price of the WEDDING NUMBER will be SIXPENCE, as usual.



PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH AND CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA.

mountaineers, and various other good things provided, not to mention the excellent supper. An old-fashioned galop, as midnight chimed, was the end of everything, after which a time-honoured fog shrouded the Mansion House in gloom.

## CHRISTMASTIDE AND THE CHILDREN.

Three hundred years ago a poet sang—

At Christmas, play and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

And by the generosity of the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* several thousands of "drift children" of the East-End were enabled to "play and make good cheer" in Mr. Charrington's great Assembly Hall, Mile-End Road, kindly lent for the occasion. On two successive evenings, from a splendid Christmas tree over thirty feet high, toys of all sorts and sizes were distributed to the delighted youngsters. Among the throng there were some poor bed-ridden cripples, who gazed on the unwonted scene with evident satisfaction. Mr. Boyer, who superintends the "drift children's" branch of the Ragged School Union, most ably managed the fête. The new editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* welcomed the guests in a graceful little speech, and very soon the scene became animated in the extreme. After the toys and fruit had reached the eager outstretched hands, there followed a "Bag and Toy Drill," during which the children shouted their favourite songs in ear-piercing style. At half-past eight the brilliantly decorated hall was forsaken by its little visitors, two thousand others being similarly entertained on Jan. 5. The Christmas tree was on the latter evening resplendent with electric light, and once more the Assembly Hall became a Palace of Delight.

SKETCHES AT THE JUVENILE  
FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.





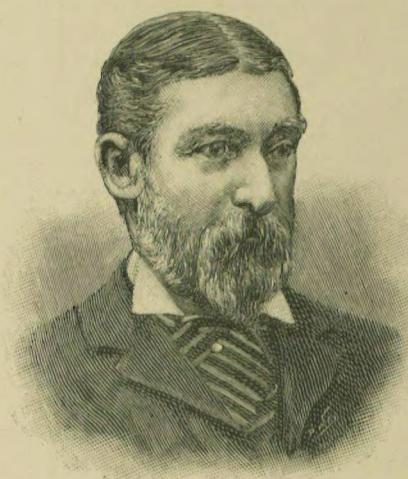
CHRISTMAS-TREE FÊTE AT MR. CHARRINGTON'S ASSEMBLY HALL, MILE END.



CHRISTMAS-TREE FÊTE AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

## PERSONAL.

English fiction of the light and especially the open-air school has lost a characteristic figure in Mr. Hawley Smart.



THE LATE MR. HAWLEY SMART.

Whyte-Melville, Mr. Smart dealt largely in racing and hunting stories, and though his touch was hardly, perhaps, quite so literary as that of his brother novelist, it was agreeable enough, and brought him at once repute and good fortune. His first decided hit was made with a tale called "Breezie Langton," and this was followed by a host of books of the same character, with such catchy titles as "Broken Bonds," "Bound to Win," "A Race for a Wife," and many others. He produced constantly and with little effort, and his work always found ready purchasers.

One of the most interesting approaching marriages is that of the Earl of Clonmell, an Irish peer of the age of fifty-two. He succeeded his brother, a popular member of the "smart" set of London society, who enjoyed the sobriquet of "Early," about a year or eighteen months ago. Lord Clonmell is a widower, who up to the time of his succession to the title resided a good deal abroad; his first wife died in 1884. The bride is a fellow-countrywoman of the bridegroom, being a member of the family of the Earl of Listowel, and, like Lord Clonmell, she now marries *en seconde noces*. She is Beatrice Christina, fourth surviving daughter of Colonel the Hon. Richard Hare, who died in 1881. She married, in 1871, Mr. Edward Sealey Vidal, whose widow she now is. Lord Clonmell's estates lie in seven Irish counties, and in good times the rent-roll amounts to about £17,000 a year. His principal residence is Bishop's Court, County Kildare.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal must have felt assured beforehand of the warm welcome that they would receive whenever they should determine to reappear before a London audience. Their rentrée took place last Saturday night, Jan. 7, at the Avenue Theatre in Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, "A White Lie." The condition of the house afforded ample evidence that their four-years absence had not diminished their attractions for a metropolitan audience. Every seat was occupied, and one part of the house vied with another in enthusiasm and applause. It was not so much an assemblage of notabilities as a party of old and attached friends that greeted them. A group of the younger members of the family was in one of the private boxes, and interested those of the audience who recognised them almost as much as the players themselves. We noticed, with many others, the following, in different parts of the house: Sir Albert and Miss Rollit, Sir Bruce and Lady Seton, Lady Blomfield, Sir John Monckton, Sir William and Lady Cusins, Mr. Peter de L. Long, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, Mr. Maclean, Q.C., and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Stone, Mr. Quintin Twiss, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Boughton, Mr. and Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, Mr. John Mackinlay, Miss Geneviève Ward, Mrs. Reeves (Miss Helen Mathers), Mr. Louis Sterne, Miss Marion Chappell and Mr. Arthur Chappell, and the usual army of newspaper critics and editors. Mr. Kendal's pleasant speech after the play was very warmly received.

The hostilities in the Soudan which began nearly ten years ago with the Mahdi raising a fanatical revolt of

barbarian Moslem sectaries against the Egyptian Government seem far from being terminated, in spite of Lord Wolseley's expedition up the Nile, of several years' fighting with Osmann Digma near Souakim, and of the effective improvement of the Khedive's native troops under British command.

Am-

Ligol, on the Nile, was a secure military station in the forward movement of the British forces on their way to relieve General Gordon; but in these days, so late as Jan. 2, it was the scene of a frontier conflict with the "Dervishes," as the martial adherents of the Mahdi's successors are now called; and we have learnt with regret that the life of one English

officer, Captain John Compton Pyne, of the Dorsetshire (old 54th) Regiment, was lost upon that occasion. He was son of the Rev. E. M. Pyne, Rector of Nevendon, Essex, was educated at Uppingham School, entered the Army in 1878, served nine years in India, and was transport officer on the Khyber line in the Afghan War. Being a remarkably good linguist, he spoke fluently Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic, and he travelled in Arabia and Syria. He passed his examination at the Staff College in England with honours, was promoted to the rank of captain in 1885, and recently obtained an appointment in the Egyptian service, to which his death is a loss.

English novel readers, who owe many pleasant hours to the industry and ability of Mrs. Campbell Praed, will regret to hear of the death of her father. The Hon. Thomas Lodge Murray-Prior was the son of an English officer who fought at the battle of Waterloo. When he was about twenty years of age he emigrated to Australia. He was born in the city of Wells in the year 1819, and was therefore in his seventy-fourth year.

Colonial society, in the bustling, self-governing commonwealths of Australasia and Canada, seems favourable to personal eminence in the legal profession. The late Hon. George Higinbotham, Chief Justice of Victoria, whose death

at Melbourne was announced some days ago, was an Irishman in London from 1849 to 1853, one of that clever and accomplished band of literary men who then formed the Parliamentary staff of the *Morning Chronicle*—a journal that was, in the days of Mr. Beresford Hope's managing proprietorship, Mr. John Douglas Cook's editorship, and Mr. Philip Harwood's assistant-editorship, the most perfect "daily," in points of literary form and style, and never yet surpassed. Mr. Higinbotham was not the only member of its staff who emigrated to Australia when Mr. Beresford Hope gave it up, and who achieved high success at the Colonial Bar, on the Colonial Press, and in political life out there. His talents were first exercised in writing leaders for the *Melbourne Argus*; but in 1860 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly, while gaining much practice as a barrister, took office in 1863 as Attorney-General in the first McCulloch Ministry, which he helped in its constitutional struggle with the Legislative Council on the Protectionist tariff, and after the crisis of 1868 became Vice-President of the Board of Lands and Works. In 1880 he was made a judge, and in 1886 succeeded Sir William Stawell as Chief Justice.

The oldest of the Oxford professors, at the age of eighty-seven, has died after more than thirty years' residence at the University, holding the custody of the valuable entomological collections, and the chair of scientific instruction, bearing the name of Mr. Hope, the founder. John Obadiah Westwood, born in 1805 of a Quaker family at Sheffield, educated there and at Lichfield, began pro-

fessional life as a solicitor, but was more attracted by

various studies of nature, of art, and of antiquities, which he prosecuted in the minutest details. As a really great entomologist, Professor Westwood was much liked. He certainly gave a signal example of catholicity of taste; for his investigations of the "Palaeographia Sacra Pictoria," his "Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.," and his "Lapidarium Walliae," with his collections of carved ivories and inscribed stones, were not less remarkable than his immense acquaintance with the smallest tribes of the animal world. He was a gold medallist of the Royal Society, and possessed other honorary distinctions, British and foreign. His collection of ivories is part of Mr. Fortnum's gift to the University Museum.

It was but the other day that Mr. Swinburne furnished a set of stately stanzas fitted to give one voice to the Babel known as the British Empire, at the opening of its Imperial Temple at South Kensington. Now we hear that his muse has yielded another, as stately and as musical, and with no less worthy aim, to express the union of hearts whose outward bond is "the tongue that Shakspere spake," to be assembled about the same time in fraternal rivalry of good

works at the Chicago Exhibition. To the reader, Swinburnian verses sing themselves, but both these poems have been written for music, which is sure to be adequate. If Mr. Swinburne is thus good-natured enough to perform the duties of acting Poet Laureate, he may, perhaps, be persuaded to gratify his countrymen by accepting the "pucka" appointment.

Specialist learning, combined with assiduous diligence in the official service of a great public repertory of materials

of exact knowledge, is a noble career for the labours of a lifetime, but it seldom wins the renown that is enjoyed by successful authors or professors. The recent death of the late Mr. Thomas Davies, senior assistant in the Department of Mineralogy in the British Museum, latterly

transferred to the Natural History Section at South Kensington, has obtained less notice than was due to his merits, not only as a mineralogist, but as a guide to scientific students in the practice of all microscopic observations. His useful manual, published thirty years ago, on "The Preparation and Mounting of Microscopic Objects," was completed and enlarged in the edition of 1874, with the aid of Dr. John Matthews, vice-president of the Quesett Club, with additional matter profitable to students of physiology and anatomy for the medical profession. Mr. Davies was always willing to be privately consulted, and to give needful advice, an obliging virtue which he shared with many other past and present officials of the British Museum; and he showed notable skill and discernment in the arrangement of catalogues, for which he should be thankfully remembered in future years.

We are informed that one of the lines attached to the page of miniatures exhibited at the Fine Art Society which we published on Dec. 31 has given serious annoyance to the distinguished French family represented by the Duc de Noailles. The line in question, which runs as follows, was copied from the catalogue of the Fine Art Society: "Marquise de Noailles. Mistress of Prud'hom the painter. Committed suicide, 1821. C. Henard, 1800. Signed." We naturally assumed the accuracy of the compilers of this catalogue, but books like Larousse's "Dictionnaire Universel du XIXe Siècle," which tells at length the history of this noble family, prove that only two Marquises de Noailles have existed in the present century. One, the grandmother of the present Duc, died in 1802; while the other, the wife of the ex-French Ambassador at Constantinople, died in September 1892. It is possible that the miniature should be more correctly attributed to Mademoiselle Constance Mayer, who was reputed to be the mistress of Prud'hom, and who committed suicide in his atelier in the year 1821. Be this as it may, our sincerest apologies are due and are hereby tendered to the Duc de Noailles and the members of his family for the unfortunate error, which arose, as we have explained, from no fault of our own.

An important new political appointment has been made by the choice of Sir J. West Ridgeway as Commissioner to Tangier, in succession to Sir Charles Euan-Smith. Sir J. West Ridgeway, who has done good service in India, was appointed Permanent Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in succession to Sir Robert Hamilton. Now a certain turn of the tables has taken place all round. Sir Robert Hamilton

comes back from Tasmania, of which he was Governor, almost avowedly to assist Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley in the preparation of the Home Rule Bill, while Sir J. West Ridgeway leaves Ireland on a distant mission. The object of his visit to Tangier is, of course, to conclude the treaty of commerce which Sir Charles Euan-Smith failed to negotiate. If he does this, he will have achieved a very notable stroke for British prestige and trade in the East. Personally, he is a man of great talent and amiability.

## PORTRAITS.

Our portrait of the late Mr. Hawley Smart is by Messrs. Barraud, Oxford Street, W.; that of the late Mr. Thomas Davies by Mr. J. Perryman, Camden Town, N.W.; that of Sir West Ridgeway by Messrs. Werner and Son, Dublin; that of the late Professor Westwood by Mr. Guggenheim, Oxford; that of the late Captain Pyne by M. Van Bosch, Paris; and that of the late Chief Justice Higinbotham by Messrs. Johnstone, O'Shannessy, and Co., Melbourne.



THE LATE PROFESSOR WESTWOOD.



SIR JOSEPH WEST RIDGEWAY, K.C.B.



THE LATE CAPTAIN J. C. PYNE.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen has received cordial thanks from the Liverpool City Council for the handsome donation, which we chronicled recently, to University College. Her Majesty witnessed on the 5th a second representation of the tableaux vivants, and again received a large company of guests.

The Prince of Wales had some excellent shooting at the Norfolk seat of his son-in-law, the Duke of Fife.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Victoria Station on Jan. 7 for Sigmaringen, and a large crowd of spectators witnessed their departure. On the same day the Prince of Wales returned to Sandringham.

The Duke of Edinburgh was appointed to the rank of honorary Admiral in the German Navy by the Emperor, apparently as a commemorative incident in connection with his daughter's wedding.

The Premier, after an unpleasant passage across the Channel, reached Folkestone on Jan. 10, and proceeded at once to London. The change from the warm sunshine of Biarritz to the severe cold of London will, it is to be hoped, not affect Mr. Gladstone's health.

Cabinet Ministers are once more in town, after the Christmas holidays, in readiness for the important discussions anent the Home Rule proposals.

There have lately been some serious fires in London. In the case of the residence of the Dowager Lady Orde, in Connaught Square, her Ladyship with her daughter and servant were only rescued by the bravery of firemen, who opportunely burst into the room, where suffocation would soon have proved fatal. A fire occurred on board the steam-ship Garth Castle, while lying off the South Quay of the East India Import Dock, at Poplar. As the ship contained a large quantity of inflammable matter, the danger was increased, and three members of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade with the boatswain were almost suffocated.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., gave evidence before the Evicted Tenants Commission as to the working of the Plan of Campaign. He claimed that the negotiations on several estates were conducted in a friendly spirit and involved no expense. No settlement would be satisfactory, in his opinion, which did not reinstate the evicted tenants.

We do not hear very much concerning that useful body, the Yeomanry. The War Office has just decreed that its regiments are to be organised in squadrons, instead of in troops, after April 1. No squadron is to be less than seventy-six "efficients" in number. The brigades will have to train in camps at least once every three years. The present strength of the regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry is 10,900 officers and men.

At an important meeting in York of those interested in agriculture, on Jan. 5, Lord Winchilsea earnestly advocated his project of an Agricultural Union. Its leading provisions would be remission of unfair local burdens, the better protection of cattle from disease, and co-operation between producer and consumer. These matters are naturally provoking considerable discussion among farmers and others, and not a little correspondence in the Press has ensued. Beyond, however, the point that "something must be done," there have not been many novel or useful suggestions. Some optimists are recalling past periods when agriculture was experiencing even greater disadvantages than at present. It is significant that the *Times* regards Protection, which really aroused enthusiasm at St. James's Hall, as a "retrograde and impossible demand."

In a money-lending case, in the City of London Court, it transpired that a curate had paid no less than £78 for a loan of £15. Constant threats of exposure had induced as constant payments, and yet a claim of £5 17s. 6d. was brought against the unfortunate curate. The Judge characterised the letters of the money-lender (who preferred the title of "gentleman") to the rector as "infamous and abominable," and refused to assist him.

The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, defended, at the London Institution, his compatriots from M. Renan's statement that they were deficient in humour. The witty reply of a Jewish stock-broker, who was asked what would be best to buy, deserves quotation. As the weather was unsettled, this gentleman recommended his friend to purchase thermometers, "which are very low," said he, "but are sure to rise in time."

No less than three members of the Peerage are suffering from typhoid fever—the Earl of Londesborough, Viscount Newport, and Lord Stalbridge. Another invalid is Sir E. J. Reed, M.P., who has been ordered to leave London during the severe weather. Mrs. Langtry is sufficiently restored to contemplate a trip in her yacht, the White Ladye, down the Mediterranean. The illness of Mr. Blaine continues to fluctuate, alarming rumours being constantly circulated.

A terrible mining disaster has once again occurred—this time at the Wheal Owles tin-mine, St. Just, Cornwall. A sudden inrush of water from some adjoining old workings proved fatal to twenty miners. The special Miners' Conference, at which 269,300 men are represented by delegates, has been discussing the Eight-Hours question at Birmingham.

In Huddersfield, political matters were properly postponed till after the funeral service in memory of the late Mr. William Summers, M.P. Now, however, Sir Joseph Crosland has been selected as the Unionist candidate—for the vacancy caused by the sad death of the Hon. W. H. Cross, M.P., Mr. Walter Long was returned as member for the West Derby division of Liverpool by a majority of 1337 votes.

The first sitting of the French Chamber of Deputies after the Christmas holidays, on Tuesday, Jan. 10, was a stormy meeting, the Opposition being furious to overthrow

the Government, and some of them to damage the Republic. The Presidency of the Chamber, M. Floquet declining to ask for his re-election, was voted to M. Casimir-Périer, though it was not certain that he would accept it. M. de Freycinet, the able Minister of War, was forced to resign office. An attempt was being made by M. Ribot, the Prime Minister, to reconstruct his Cabinet. M. Le Royer was re-elected President of the Senate. The Royalist party in the Chamber ostentatiously refrained from voting in support of Government.

The German Imperial Diet has resumed its sittings at Berlin, and the Government has laid before it the Bills for doubling the tax on beer and other financial measures to provide for the heavy additional military expenditure now proposed; but there will be strong opposition to the Army Bills of Chancellor Caprivi in their present shape.

On the same day, Jan. 10, the trial of four directors of the Panama Ship Canal Company, Messrs. Ferdinand and Charles de Lesseps—but the aged and illustrious father was not in court—Marius Fontane, and Baron Cottu, and of M. Eiffel, the famous engineer and contractor, began at the Palais de Justice. They are charged with raising money by false pretences, in 1886 and 1888, and with misappropriating the money. M. Charles de Lesseps was interrogated about the proceedings of the financial syndicate which was formed to procure an additional sum of 600,000,000 francs to finish the canal works. He was questioned with regard to sums paid to Baron Reinach and Dr. Cornelius Herz, also to M. Baihaut, a member of the Senate, who was Minister of Public Works

EARLY LIFE OF  
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

## A FRIEND'S RECOLLECTIONS.

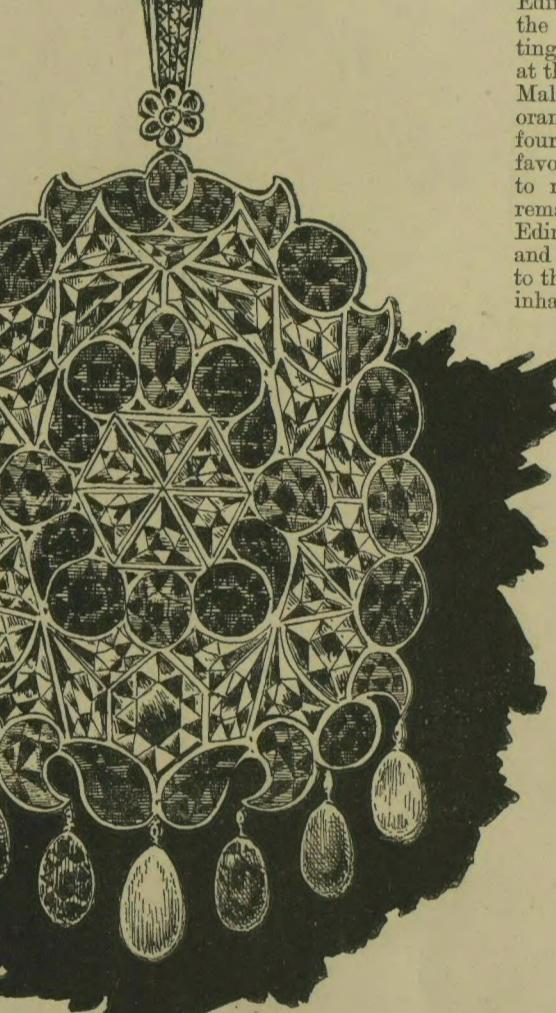
The career of the youthful bride whose name has been on everyone's lips during the last few days has not been marked by any striking incidents which call for special notice. She is generally recognised as one of the most accomplished and beautiful of our English princesses. Her residence in England with her parents and also at Coburg, as well as in Malta during the time of the Duke of Edinburgh's commands in the Mediterranean, has given her an opportunity of becoming especially popular, and her marriage with Prince Ferdinand of Roumania has been made an occasion for numerous congratulations and loyal offerings both at home and abroad, as a glance at her list of wedding presents will amply testify. Born on Oct. 29, 1875, the Princess has only just attained her seventeenth year. Her earliest childhood was spent alternately at Eastwell Park, in Kent, one of the most delightful residences in the south of England; at Clarence House, the London residence of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; and at Coburg.

When the Duke of Edinburgh took command of H.M.S. Sultan in the Mediterranean in 1876, and expected consequently to spend several of the winter months in Malta, he was joined there by the Duchess of Edinburgh and her young family, consisting of Prince Alfred of Edinburgh and Princess Marie. The only residence on the island which was considered suitable for such distinguished visitors—San Antonio Palace—was kindly placed at their disposal by the Governor. Those who have visited Malta will remember this pretty mansion, surrounded by orange-groves and well-kept gardens, and situated about four miles distant from Valletta. It soon became the favourite residence of the royal children, who were destined to renew their associations with the island in 1886, remaining there until 1889. In 1876 the Duke of Edinburgh's second daughter was born at San Antonio, and appropriately christened Victoria Melita, a compliment to the island which was highly appreciated by the Maltese inhabitants.

From the days of Princess Marie's infancy, her life has been spent in the simplest possible manner, as is the case with all the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's children. A careful and thorough educational training has been given to them, as well as every facility for healthy physical exercise. Their early education was entrusted to Mdlle. Hein, who for several years superintended their tuition in foreign languages. It was natural that, with musical parents, the Princess and her sisters should receive early instruction in this art, but in the case of Princess Marie, when she had progressed to an interesting stage of efficiency, music was replaced by the study of painting, to which she is devoted, and for which she has shown exceptional talent. Many of her works have been placed for disposal in aid of benevolent undertakings in which the Princesses have been interested. The Princess during her frequent visits to Coburg, where the Duke of Edinburgh has built a handsome residence, thoroughly acquired German, which, in view of her present alliance, will be of the greatest service to her. On the completion of the Duke of Edinburgh's command in the Mediterranean in 1878, at the time of the conclusion of the Russo-Turkish War, his family returned to Germany, and shortly after resumed residence at Eastwell Park. Here the Princesses were in turn taught to ride—the first pony used for the purpose being known as "Little Tommy." Regularly after this period until the year 1886 the Duke's children lived alternately at Eastwell Park, London, and Coburg, but the former place was given up by the Duke of Edinburgh in that

year on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean station. Their departure was much regretted, not only by the residents in the neighbourhood, but by those in Ashford, and it is gratifying to notice that the tradesmen of that town have forwarded for her Royal Highness's acceptance a handsome wedding present. The Rev. G. F. Gwynne, who was Rector of Eastwell at the time, had charge of the religious training of Prince Alfred and the Princesses of Edinburgh. On returning to Malta in 1886, the Duke of Edinburgh's family were of an age to join in many of the pleasant meetings held by the naval and military officers stationed there. The three little ponies, Ruby, Fearless, and Little Tommy, ridden respectively by Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra, figured conspicuously on the "Marsa," and at picnics near St. Paul's Bay, as well as in the villages all over the island, much to the delight of all classes of its inhabitants. A great feature in the entertainments which were given at San Antonio Palace were the dances, to which the young naval officers of the squadron were invited. An exceptionally pleasant form of hospitality at Christmastide was exercised by the distribution of gifts by the young Princesses from a heavily laden tree. At the commencement of the orange season the Princesses used to purchase individually a tree in order that they might enjoy the fruit of their own particular property. When the Duke's command ceased his family proceeded to Coburg. At this period their education was in the hands of Fräulein von Truchsess, whose association with her pupils was of the most friendly character.

Princess Marie has now commenced a new life as the future Queen of Roumania. Her associations with Germany—especially with Coburg—will doubtless lessen the feelings of regret which her separation might otherwise have caused had she been brought up exclusively under the influences of permanent residence in England. Echoing the welcome to her mother accorded by the late Poet Laureate, we may conclude by wishing the Crown Princess of Roumania as she goes "from love to love, from home to home," she may possess the "love that cannot cease."



THE QUEEN'S WEDDING PRESENT TO PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

in the Freycinet Ministry of 1886. He stated that M. Baihaut asked for a gift of a million francs to get the Lottery Bill passed, and received a third part of that sum. M. Baihaut has been arrested, and will be prosecuted for the criminal offence of receiving a bribe.

The Austrian Imperial Government, of which Count Taafe is the head, is engaged in trying to conciliate parties in the Chamber of Deputies, to obtain a provisional working majority; while Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian Prime Minister, is intent on carrying the reform of the marriage laws in spite of vehement clerical opposition.

There is a rumour of local insurrections in the Principality of Montenegro, and serious conflicts between the people and the troops.

In Portugal, the sudden resignation of the Prime Minister, Senhor Dias Ferreira, has excited much surprise, but the political situation is yet not clearly understood.

From India we learn that Dr. Robertson and Captain Younghusband have gone on a political mission to Chitral to recognise the new ruler, Nizam-ul-Mulk. Lord Roberts, the late Indian Commander-in-Chief, was leaving Bombay for England. In Upper Burmah there has been more fighting with the Kachin tribes, and on Jan. 6 Captain Morton was killed by an attack on the north-eastern column of troops at Sima.

There was an error, last week, in the telegram from Australia reporting a serious diminution of revenue in the colony of Victoria; the statement belonged to Tasmania, and we are happy now to correct it. In New Zealand there is an increase of revenue.

X.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and One (from July 2 to December 31, 1892) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.



1. Valentine Barbrook (Mr. John Hare): "There—and you will be silent then."  
2. Grace Barbrook (Miss K. Rorke) and Hugh Rokeby (Mr. J. Forbes Robertson): "May I keep this ribbon that you have worn?"

3. Constance Barbrook (Miss Norreys).  
4. Stanley Trevenen (Mr. Sydney Brough).  
5. Mrs. Barbrook, the grandmother (Mrs. Edmund Phelps).

6. Dr. Milner (Mr. Gilbert Hare).  
7. Mrs. Bute Curzon (Miss Compton).  
8. The Rev. Borthwick Soundy (Mr. D. Robertson).  
9. Emma, the parlour-maid (Miss Helen Luck).

"ROBIN GOODFELLOW," THE NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

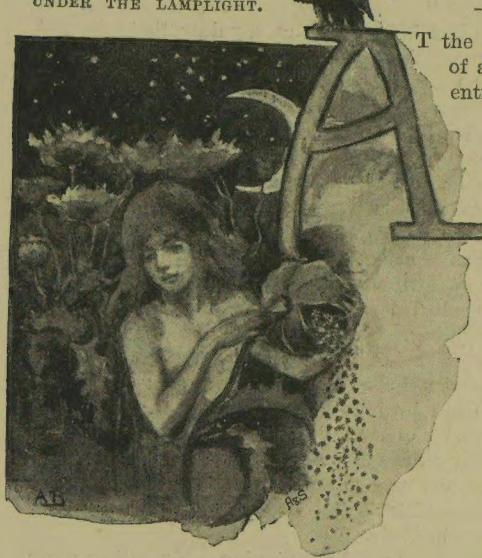
# THE. REBEL. QUEEN

BY

## WALTER. BESANT.

PROLOGUE.—II.  
UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT.

SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER.



the street and upon the people in the street. The time was eleven in the evening, when the many theatres of the Strand turn out their congregations and the stream of life is at its fullest. It was, moreover, a night in June, in the height of the season. London was full: the crowds of the streets were made up of Londoners proper, English visitors from the country,

Americans by the thousand, Gauls, Teutons, Muscovites, Cappadocians, Greeks, and Mesopotamians—yea, from the Isles and from far Cathay, from China and Malay and Melanesia; for all mankind in June rejoices to acknowledge that London is Queen of the cities of the world.

The people streamed along the pavement below the girl at the window: omnibuses drove up at the corner; the people fought for places; the incense of their cigarettes and cigars and pipes ascended to the entresol—yea, even as high as the first floor; the girl watched and listened as they passed her. In the broad road beyond the pavement the hansom cabs flashed meteoric lights as they drove rapidly along.

"Mother," said the girl—she spoke English perfectly, but with a slightly foreign accent—"this is wonderful. We have never seen anything like this in all our travels. Oh, this is London! Oh, it is London! It is my own birthplace! Oh, what crowds! Oh, what a wealth of life! This is better than the parks that we saw this afternoon; better than the broad, silent squares; better even than the streets, with the lovely shops."

The elder lady—she was not much more than forty—put down the book she was reading, rose and stood beside her daughter. Together they looked down upon this full and flowing stream.

"Yes," said the mother, "it is a wonderful crowd. There is nothing so wonderful as London in all the world; nothing so pleasant, if it were not for the detestable climate. We have

kept the best to the last, dear. Shall you be pleased to settle down after all our wandering?"

"I don't know. I remember nothing but wandering. I think I like changing the towns. Of course, hotels are alike everywhere, but the language outside is different."

"We will give up the hotels and settle down in a house of our own."

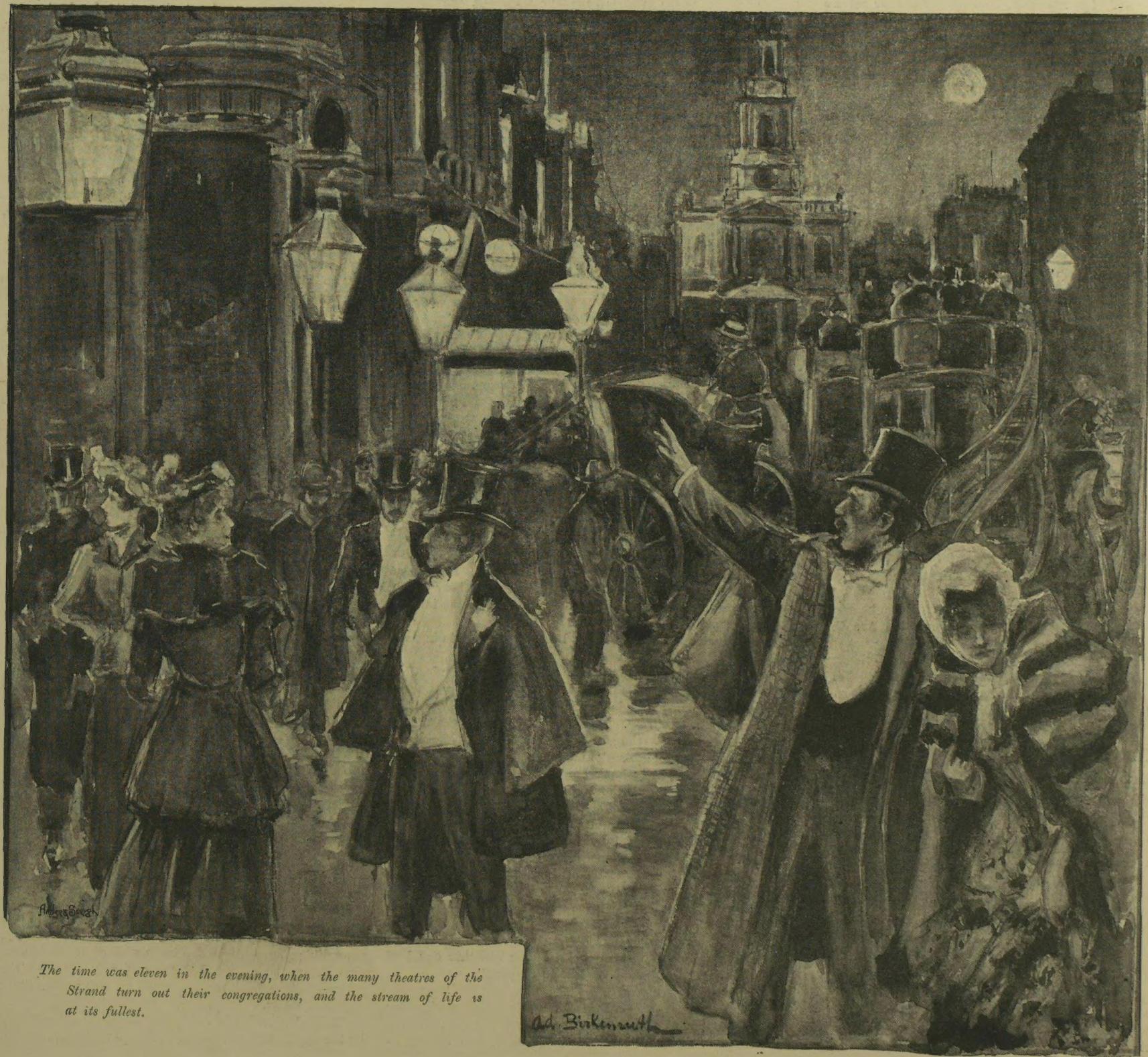
"Hadn't we better stay in a hotel, mother? You see, we know our way about in a hotel, and everything is done for us. In a house we should have to think of things for ourselves. Suppose the waiting went wrong?"

"We will have a housekeeper, my dear. She will provide for us. Don't be afraid of the waiting. Yes, it is a truly wonderful crowd; I think it is growing thicker. That is, I suppose, because the theatres are emptying."

"I should like to stay here and to look at the crowd every night. Oh, what a crowd it is! The people cannot move, they are all jammed up together. See, they are quite good-humoured—they laugh and sing! Now the pressure is relieved, they go on again. I wonder who they are—all of them, so many thousands—every one of them the centre of the whole world, just as important to himself as I am. Isn't that wonderful to think of? As many girls in the world, so many Francescas."

"With a difference, my child. With a difference."

"I wonder who they are," she repeated. "Every one with his life behind and his life before! Look at the gleaming



lights in the road: look at the rows of lamps! And, oh! look again at the crowd—the endless crowd! Who are they? What do they think about?"

"The mystery of the crowd lies only in your own brain, Francesca. These people are mostly quite common folk—prosaic, uninteresting."

"Oh! But here and there a poet, mother—there must be here and there a young poet, his mind fired with the crowd—or a young musician, or a young painter."

"Perhaps. Mostly clerks, shop-girls, shopmen, students, going home after the theatre. Some of them are visitors like ourselves, people who are staying at hotels. Most of them are people who live in London and have to work for their daily bread. In the evening they are free: in the day-time they are bondsmen. They must work or they would starve."

"Strange! To work or starve! It seems so terrible!"

"It is not terrible, because it is the common lot. What all alike endure is never intolerable. Besides, they say that the common lot is growing slowly better. We who are wealthy and need not work share the common lot in other ways. For instance, the common lot is to endure pain and to die before our time, because of ignorance. Yet we do not feel it intolerable. As for these people, they are always removed from starvation by a certain number of days—months—years—for which provision has been made by saving. You need not pity the crowd, Francesca. Remember, the many must work for the few. It is the social law: it cannot be evaded. The many"—this lady had large possessions, and was, therefore, perfectly clear on this point—"the many," she repeated, "must work for the few. There is no help for them. They must!—they must!"

"Do any of the people down below work for us, I wonder?"

"Very likely—in some indirect way. We have money, for instance, invested in Government securities. The dividends paid on these have to be raised by taxes. Sometimes it is a direct tax, more often an indirect tax. People have got to work in order to pay these taxes first, before they get anything at all for themselves. So that, you see, all these people down below are working for us."

"Don't you feel rather ashamed, mother, sometimes, to think that people are working for you?"

"No. I remember that it is the natural law. One man is so clever and so industrious that he not only pays his share of the taxes and gets enough of everything to make him comfortable, but he also puts money by and invests it in those stocks, and so begins to make people work for him. Money would be of no use if people were not made to work for those who have it. Never be ashamed of your wealth, Francesca. Rather rejoice that your forefathers were prudent and wise."

The young lady made no answer to this brief lesson in political economy.

"We shall never—never—never," the matron continued, "abolish the advantage of being strong. We can protect the weak by laws and police, but the strong will always trample on them in the long run. Originally, when we all had to go hunting for the daily food, the strong man let the weak man catch the deer and then killed him for it. In course of time this method was found to be a waste of material. So the strong man left off killing the weak man, and made a slave of him instead. Then the slave hunted for his master every day. The same thing continues to the present day and always will continue. Now and then the strong become weak, and are in their turn enslaved. Most of the people you see down below are the weak; consequently, they have to spend their lives making money for their masters. They stand at counters and sell things for their masters; they do all sorts of things for the money which finds them food and shelter; they must do all sorts of things, they have no choice but to work or starve; therefore they are slaves. In this country they are very cleverly allowed to call themselves free; they even boast of their freedom and congratulate themselves upon the great cleverness they have shown in winning their freedom; yet all those who work at another man's bidding are slaves. Freedom—real freedom—only exists with those who have acquired wealth. Servitude can never be abolished."

"But you are always trying to abolish slavery for women, mother."

"I want equal rights for women and for men. The strong woman must have as much freedom as the strong man: as much right to exercise her strength, which is strength of mind, not of body. For the weak woman I ask no more than is accorded to the weak man. She shall have whatever rights he has."

"Yes. It must be dreadful, all the same, to be weak. There are a great many women in the street. Are they working women?"

"Whatever they are, my dear, they are what the men have made them, for they are still the slaves of men. What we would give them by the aid of the stronger woman is some kind of independence. At present they are, as you say, down below."

She returned to her chair. The girl relapsed into silence, watching, watching. Presently she began again, compelled to speak of the crowd.

"Mother, there is no end to the people. Where do they come from? Where are they going to? It is like the march-past of a great army. There were crowds in Paris, but nothing like this. Suppose it was the resurrection of all the dead men and dead women that ever were—marching, marching, marching past, under the moon and in the lamp-light. Their faces would be white like the faces of these people, going on to meet the new life, whatever it may be. I see the expectancy in their eyes. Some of them are afraid. All are anxious."

"Francesca, you are dreaming."

"They might be dead, these people; their faces show so white, they laugh no longer, they are quite grave. They talk because, you see, when people have been dead!"

"Francesca! No more dreams." But she rose again and looked out of the window herself. "Their faces are white

partly because the light that falls upon them makes them look pale, partly because London people are mostly pale, from working too hard. The English people differ from all other people in the world, for they not only work because they must, but they work because they like it. We are not in Naples, my daughter, where no one will work if he can help it; nor in Paris, where most men hate work—but in London, where it is the nature of man to work. He loves it, he works with zeal, he works himself to death. He is the best worker in the world—that is what makes him look so pale."

The girl was silent again for a while. Presently she looked up and said—

"Mother, I have made it out, the tune to which they tramp along. It is a fine marching air. Listen!" She sang a few bars. "There—now listen again. Do you hear it? Boom-boom—boom! It sounds like a funeral march, too. Perhaps it is a funeral march. Why not? They look so sad and so white. They are burying something, perhaps!"

"You might set words to your march: the midnight march of Charing Cross—the march of the London crowd—if you knew more of the crowd and the people. But I cannot hear your march, child of imagination. I hear only the tramp of the boots and the patter of the shoes."

Francesca began to sing words to the weird, wild tune she had discovered in the tramp of the crowd: "We are marching, we are marching, one and all. We are marching where we know not, we are meeting what we know not, we are passing through the grave to what we know not. We are marching, we are marching. There is hope, there is hope within us all. We are marching, we are marching on with terror, yet with hope."

"Child! child! you are full of fancies. Come in, forget the crowd, and go to bed."

"Presently, mother, presently." She looked and listened again. "Their voices are all fused into one voice. I think I was wrong about their hope, mother. It is a sad voice."

"Oh! my child. When was the voice of humanity ever a joyful voice? There is too much pain in life, believe me, too much suffering."

Francesca listened again. "No, mother, there is hope in it. Oh! the voice grows more cheerful. Listen!"

"I hear not one voice but a hundred."

"The crowd grows thinner. Some of the women linger. The light of the lamps makes their faces wan."

"You have been in many cities, Francesca. Where have you seen joyful faces in the women of the crowd?" She left the window and resumed her chair at the table.

"Wherever we go, mother," the girl replied, with a little impatience, "you ask me that question."

"They never do look happy. Everywhere they live in the same subjection: with the hardest work and the poorest pay. Always the slaves of man: they play for his pleasure, make themselves beautiful for his pleasure, work for his profit and pleasure. Ask yourself why it is so."

"Yes, mother, yes. If there were any good in my asking."

"Still, to get into the habit of questioning is something. And perhaps an answer may come."

Francesca shrugged her shoulders and turned to the window again.

"As for me," she said, "what can a girl do?"

Her mother made no reply.

In a few moments Francesca drew in her head. "The crowd," she said, "is thinning very fast. I have seen enough. These are the people who must work or starve, but who love work—strange people! To love the penalty of life! They work for us. What have we done that they should be made to work for us? And the women here, as everywhere else, are oppressed and ill-treated. But we are not—we are free. Is it fair that any should be free?"

She stood before the empty fireplace and played with the flowers in a vase—played in the meaningless way that betrays uneasy thoughts. These children of fancy have such times. Francesca was in a questioning mood: the contemplation of this crowded life excited her. She was ready to protest that she heard too much of the subjection of women; she felt that, somehow or other, such universal subjects as the true relations of sex would settle themselves without her assistance; a great crowd such as she had witnessed raised many other thoughts in her mind.

Her mother looked at her gravely.

"Sit down, my dear, and let us talk. You think I am always darning into your ears that same story. Don't you know how they teach boys grammar and how they teach children catechism? By constant repetition. That is why I am always telling you the same thing."

"But what can I do, mother? Does it help only to know a thing?"

"You will be rich. You will be able to make friends. No girl need remain friendless if she is rich. Oh! I do not mean that you are to buy friends and flatterers with money. That is an old copybook phrase. But a pleasant and a clever girl like you, Francesca"—the girl blushed: everybody likes to be called pleasant and clever—"and a pretty girl"—Francesca smiled incredulous, and shook her head—well, she was bony just at that age—"a girl who is going to be pretty, naturally attracts the friendship of other pleasant girls. So that if you want friends you can command them. Then, if you take up a cause, you can help it by your wealth as well as by your personal work. A few women in society, with wealth and influence, might go far to revolutionise the present conditions. Perhaps—I hope—you will feel this subject, some time or other, so deeply that there will be no choice for you but to work for it and to live for it. Equality is all I contend for—not superiority, as some women claim—but it must be perfect and absolute equality. A woman must be the absolute equal of man—in all relations of life the absolute equal!"

"I have thoroughly learned that lesson, mother."

Madame Elveda sat in silence for a few minutes, glancing at her daughter, who still stood playing with the things on the mantelshelf. Then she began in a low voice, as if talking to

herself: "Coming back to London after so many years raises many ghosts of the past. It was here that I spent my honeymoon—all my short wedded life. Here you were born—when my wedded life was over. Your father never saw you, Francesca. Shall we talk a little about it?"

"Mother"—the girl turned quickly—"if it will not pain you."

"It pains me less to tell you than to let you go on in ignorance. I have never talked much to you about your father. Nor has Melkah told you much."

"She told me I was never to pain you by asking about him."

"Yes; but you are no longer a child. You ought to know. My dear, we were parted before your birth; but not by death. We parted by mutual consent."

"Why, mother?"

"You are so like him sometimes, my dear, that I tremble only to look at you. You have his eyes exactly. Your voice is so like his that I seem to hear him speaking. Now, Francesca, learn that there was never in the whole world a better man, a more tender lover, a nobler man, or a cleverer man. He seemed to know everything—languages, literature, science—everything. He had a way—a magnetic way—of compelling you: while he talked you were carried out of yourself: he made your mind follow his whithersoever he pleased: he held you rapt as long as he chose. Why, I remember, even at the moment when I was sending him away, feeling that if he only chose, if only he willed, I should tremble and sink at his feet and give up everything. He knew that he could compel me, but he gave me—he actually gave me, out of his goodness—the very freedom that he refused in words. He might have compelled obedience by a look, and he knew it. There was never a more wonderful man. Sometimes, when he spoke of great things, lofty things, I seemed to listen to a prophet. Never have I met any man so great as Emanuel"—her voice dropped—"Emanuel Elveda."

"But why, mother, why?"

"I was always free from the beginning. My father never exacted obedience. I read all the books about the rights of women. I thought, when I married, that my husband, a man of science, would readily fall in with my opinions. I foolishly thought that reason was stronger than religion. He was an Oriental in many ways, and when the occasion arose he demanded submission. It was a month after our marriage. I refused. We parted for a year by consent. He returned more obstinate than ever. To all my arguments he had but one reply. 'It is the law of the Lord,' he said, 'the woman is subject to the man.'"

"What did he mean by the law of the Lord?"

"In the sacred book it is so written. My dear, the Orientals—Moslem, Jew, or Buddhist—all believe that woman must obey man, by the law of the Lord. The Christian holds the same belief, but he does not proclaim it quite so clearly. He will not, however, suffer women to preach in the churches, or to become priestesses of his mysteries, or to become lawyers, or to sit in Parliament, or to hold office. Some of them, like the Jews, put the women in a separate part of their churches, as if they were not worthy to sit with the men; and some of them will not suffer them so much as to sing in the choir. When religion seems to teach a thing custom grows up round it and makes it almost impregnable. In your case, my dear, you have been left free to find for yourself the religion that satisfies your soul."

"And so you parted?"

"So we parted. My dear, it drove me nearly mad to remember afterwards what I had lost. Yet I was right—a hundred times right. To break through the wall of custom was worth any loss. We parted so. He left me, proud and unyielding. I have never seen him since. He is dead. Of that I am certain, or I should long since have heard of him. He would have made some great discovery. He must be dead."

"Poor mother!" Francesca had thrown herself upon a footstool and was holding her mother's hands.

"When I parted from him I parted from all my people—from all his people—from all my friends. I went out alone into the world with you, child, and with Melkah. I found peace in wandering and in observing and in working. The world knows now how well I have worked."

"I am glad you have told me, mother. It explains so much that I never understood. It brings me closer to the world."

When Madame Elveda sent her husband away she carried into effect her resolution to separate from her own people and her own religion—one of the religions which make of woman the inferior of man. This was not difficult. She transferred the management of her great fortune—it consisted chiefly in receiving dividends—from Jewish to Christian hands; her cousins and friends, who were Parisians and of her own People, allowed her to go away unnoticed; she had gone out of the People; she took her maid Melkah, the Syrian Jewess, and her baby, and she went away. She gave up friends and cousins and everything and went away. For a long time nobody heard anything about her. Now, if a cousin goes away and stays away, and makes no sign, one ceases to think about him or to talk about him. In Madame Elveda's case her great fortune kept her from being altogether forgotten; moreover, rumours reached Paris, where she was remembered. She was seen at Florence, she was seen at Venice, she passed a winter at Malaga. They knew that she was living and that she had a child. As for her husband, no one knew what had become of him—he was gone.

The people in Paris learned further, from time to time, that their cousin had become a very dignified and stately person, most difficult of access, even impossible of access to any of her own People. She had left the religion. Pity—a thousand pities—that so much money should go away from the People and the family!

Then the cousins in Paris were startled rather than pleased by the appearance of a work. It appeared simultaneously in

English, French, German, Italian, and Russian; it was published at the same time in London, New York, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Rome—a bulky volume crammed with facts and statistics, stories and illustrations. This work was called "Woman in Western Europe," and it was written by Isabel Elveda. The book, although so big and bulky, was published at an absurdly low price, so that everybody could get it. Unfortunately, it was too complex: it proved an encyclopædia of information on the subject, but was almost as difficult to read as a blue-book. However, the reputation of the author was made for life. She had written the book on this great subject. The position of woman in Europe from the fourth century to the present time was fully and powerfully treated—what she suffered, how she endured, what she suffers now as wife, as mother, as worker in field and factory, shop and workroom. It was a terrible book to those who had time to read it through; nearly every paper in the world had articles upon it, and then—people remembered the author and forgot the book. This is the way of things. You move the world easily by a faithful presentation of the truth: the world likes to be moved. Then the world goes on to be moved by something else. The only thing is to keep on hammering. Now, in the great question of woman, her work and her pay, her hours and her treatment, what we fondly call "interests" are concerned. Many a noble income would become slender if Madame Elveda's doctrines prevailed. Where incomes must be considered, abstract rights must be neglected. I do not think that Madame Elveda's book has advanced the cause of woman's freedom by one single step. The "interests," you see, are colossal and widespread: they range from the great and powerful manufacturer to the husband of the laundress.

It was very shortly after the appearance of this book that Madame Elveda returned to England. Her daughter was now seventeen—more Continental in her ways of thinking than English. The mother wished to complete her child's education in the country where she was born. She proposed, by the help of her book, of the cause for which she wrote, and her great wealth, to take some kind of position in society—and that still apart from her own people. She no longer called herself a Jewess. She told Francesca—what was doubtless half true—that they were Spanish Moors. Some of the anciently settled Jews of Spain did go over with the Moors. They were Spanish Moors.

"Good-night, child," said the mother. "You have seen enough to-day, and you have heard enough. Your eyes are too bright. Good-night! and sleep long and well."

When she was left alone, she drew out a letter, which she opened and read. "For twenty years"—the letter was from her agent—"the money settled upon your husband on your marriage has been paid to the London bank. I have recently learned that not a single cheque has ever been presented. Is he alive? If not, why do you have this money continued? Of course, fifty thousand francs a year is nothing to you; but why pay the money needlessly? And why not cause inquiries to be made? If he is dead, why not ascertain the fact?"

"He is dead," she murmured. "He must be dead long since. Else he would have done some great thing: his name would long since be noised abroad over the whole world. Yet the money must be paid until we know."

In her own room, Francesca obediently went to bed. But her brain was excited: she could not sleep. The revelation of her mother's history, the great crowd of people, excited her and drove sleep away. She rolled her head upon the pillow; she opened her eyes in the dark room to chase away the thoughts that were like spectres. At last she sprang out of bed and pulled back the curtains to let in the light from the lamps below. Then she put a wrapper over her head and shoulders, and opened the window softly and looked out again.

It was past one o'clock. The crowd had all gone. Now and then a man walked quickly along, now and then a policeman with heavy footfall passed under the windows; there were no more hansoms, no more omnibuses. The air was cool and fresh—Francesca shivered and drew her wrapper closer. Two women passed along under her window; they were talking, they stopped below the lamplight. Francesca leaned out, listening. One of them seemed to be comforting the other. Why did they not go home like all the rest? Then one broke the sobs. She wept aloud—she threw up her arms. She cried—

"Oh, my GOD! I am so miserable!"

Fraucesca put out her head further.

"Why are you miserable?" she cried.

The two below clutched each other by the hand. It was like a voice from the skies.

"Why are we miserable?" they echoed.

"Are you unjustly treated? Come to-morrow and see my mother. Shall I give you some money?"

The two girls below looked up. "It's—it's—a young

lady," one cried, "she's looking out of window." Then they ran away as fast as they could. Francesca did not, therefore, learn why they were so miserable.

Now no one was left in the street at all. Why was this woman crying in her misery? The girl lay down again, left the window open and returned to her bed, where she lay till the sky was red with the morning—thinking, thinking. All the things that her mother had told her, all that were written in her mother's book, crowded tumultuously into her head.

When at length she went to sleep a long procession drifted before her eyes—a procession of women.

When she awoke in the morning that weeping woman under the lamplight came back to her. She was the woman of all women—the woman of Paris, the woman of Rome, the woman of Naples, the woman of Berlin, the woman of Vienna—she stood for all. She threw up her arms in the name of all the women; she cried aloud, "Oh, my GOD! I am so miserable!"

At breakfast she appeared with pale cheeks and eyes red with watching.

"Mother," she said, "let us go back to what we said last night. If I wished, you said, I might do something. Well—

being was ever so far from primitive man as the modern girl. The original girl is lost—forgotten. When I think of the thing I am amazed that we can so transform a woman. Well, my dear, you are getting on: when you are turned out, finished, you will then wish, choose, act, think, and work as you please. You will have for nothing, my dear, all the freedom for which I have paid so much."

(To be continued.)

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A rather keen controversy is going on about the exclusion of clergymen and ministers from the Poor Law Commission. The Nonconformists take the matter coolly. They think, apparently, that awkward questions might have been raised; perhaps, also, they are satisfied that the laymen selected will do satisfactorily all that is possible for a Commission. The *Times* has championed the claims of the clergy, and thus led to useless recriminations. Where, it has been asked in the East-End, is there anything to compare with the vast congregations of Dissenters like Mr. Charrington's, Mr. Archibald Brown's, and others? How does it happen that every working man returned to Parliament is a Nonconformist? On the other hand, Mr. Walter Besant says he does not know what would have happened in the East-End without the influence of the Church. Perhaps most people will think that the exclusion was wise.

The Nonconformists are indignant with Mr. Asquith for endeavouring to force the Plaistow Burial Board to consecrate a part of their cemetery. Mr. Asquith was brought up as a Congregationalist, and was last year chairman at the annual meeting of the Liberation Society. Another rising politician, Mr. R. B. Haldane, was brought up in the Baptist communion, and is a descendant of those Haldanes who were so prominent in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland.

Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, will preach the anniversary sermon on the death of General Gordon at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, London, on Jan. 29, when the offertory will be in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home. One of General Gordon's favourite books, Bishop Hall's "Christ Mystical," has just been reprinted from the General's copy, with his private marks reproduced.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has long been at war with the Baptists, who demanded that the word translated "baptise" shall always be printed "immerse." An ingenious compromise has been suggested in connection with a new translation into the language of the people of the Congo. It is proposed that after the Congo word for "immersion," and as often as it occurs, there shall be inserted in brackets the word "baptise." The Baptists are willing to assent to this.

The new Bishop of Truro, Dr. Gott, is less popular, apparently, than his predecessors, Bishop Wilkinson and Archbishop Benson. Dr. Gott was dissatisfied with the vicarage which was used as the episcopal residence at Truro, and fixed on a house near Par, much to the disappointment of the Truro people. At the Christmas Day service in the cathedral, when the Bishop preached, the congregation was not up to the average of other Sundays.

It is to be feared that the hope of seeing this season the first volume of the new edition of "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible" must be abandoned. The editor, Professor J. M. Fuller, has found his task more difficult than he anticipated, and no announcement has yet been made by Mr. Murray. It should not, however, be very much longer postponed, for it is greatly overdue.

The Archbishop of York has issued an address to the clergy at the close of the first complete year of his episcopate in the diocese. He has been enabled to visit 220 parishes, to speak from the pulpits of the churches, and in many cases to catechise the children in the schools. He has completed the visitation of the Archdeaconry of York, except one or two parishes, and has also visited a number of parishes in other archdeaconries. In many parishes no Archdeacon had officiated within the memory of man, and in a still larger number no confirmation had been held within the present generation.

The election of a bishop to succeed the late Right Rev. Dr. Charles Wordsworth in the united diocese of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane will take place in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, early in February. It has been decided to nominate the Right Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, D.D., late Bishop of Truro.

The ceremony, on Jan. 6, of unveiling in Bristol Cathedral a memorial tablet erected in memory of the late Archdeacon Norris was a testimony by which the Bristol citizens expressed their appreciation of his services in the cause of Church work and education. They have contributed largely to a fund to help forward the scheme for making Bristol a diocese distinct from Gloucester and Bristol, which Archdeacon Norris had much at heart. The tablet has been erected at the western end of the north aisle of the cathedral. The restoration of the nave also bears witness to his generous liberality, self-denying labour, and his appreciation of what became the dignity of the mother church of the city.

The next Anglican Church Conference for Northern and Central Europe will be held on May 24 and 25, at Geneva, under the presidency of Bishop Wilkinson. Among the subjects already chosen for discussion are "How to Study the Bible" and "Our Duties towards British Sailors in Foreign Ports."

The Convocation of the Northern Province is summoned to meet on Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 2 p.m., in York Minster. The House of Laymen for the Province of York will meet for the despatch of business on Tuesday, April 4.



"Good-night, child," said the mother. "Good-night! and sleep long and well."

if I wished—if I wished—you wished and you made a great sacrifice. But I don't know if I could do that—but—if. I wished—what could I do?" She was nervous and shaken. She hardly understood what she said.

Her mother kissed her and answered lightly. To answer seriously would have done no good. Enough that the girl was moved.

"What can you do, my dear? You can first take a cup of tea. We talked too much last night. You were excited with everything. As for what you can do, if you wish—well—you are as yet too young to do anything. You are a young lady, not yet come out of the hands of your tutors and teachers."

So Francesca sat down and took some tea, and brake bread, and was comforted. Her mother went on talking of things indifferent.

"You must be 'finished,' as they say. You know that a modern girl is a very fine work of art. No Greek statue can compare with a modern girl. Think of what she knows! Two or three languages, music, painting, good or bad. She can write verses, perhaps—novels, perhaps; she has manners; she can dress, which is in itself a fine art; she is able to talk about most things intelligently; nowadays she has a little science. The elementary woman—body and brain—is the lay figure on which all this superstructure is built; it is completely hidden away and forgotten: no human

## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.



Photo by Russell and Sons.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

## THE FAMILY OF THE ROYAL BRIDE.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, K.G., Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of her Majesty Queen Victoria and the late Prince Consort, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born at Windsor Castle on Aug. 6, 1844. He was educated at first by private tutors, the Rev. H. M. Birch, Mr. F. W. Gibbs, C.B., and Major Cowell, R.E. (now Sir John Cowell), studied modern languages at Geneva and at Bonn, completed his studies at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1858, having decided on entering the naval service, received special preparatory instruction from the Rev. W. R. Jolly, at Alverbank, near Gosport. Having passed a strict examination, the young Prince, on Aug. 31 of that year, was appointed a naval cadet, and joined H.M.S. *Euryalus*, screw-steam-frigate, under command of Captain J. W. Tarleton, C.B. His Royal Highness was transferred to H.M.S. *St. George* for active sea-service, in the course of which, being with the Mediterranean Squadron, he visited the shores of the South of Europe, and subsequently crossed the Atlantic more than once to the West Indian and North American British stations. In December 1862 the throne of Greece was offered to his Royal Highness, but was declined by the prudent counsels of her Majesty's Government. It must be understood that he is still heir-presumptive to his uncle, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Prince Alfred, as we then called him, steadily continued to perform the duties of his profession as a naval officer, becoming a lieutenant in 1863 and captain in 1866. He was appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Galatea*, which sailed, on Feb. 26, 1867, from Plymouth, on a voyage round the world, visiting Australia, Japan, China, and India. His Royal Highness was absent from England during four years. In the Australian Colonies and in India he met with an enthusiastic reception from the Queen's loyal subjects, but narrowly escaped with his life from an attempt at assassination, on March 12, 1868, being dangerously wounded by an Irish Fenian named O'Farrell, with a pistol-shot in the back, at Clontarf, near Sydney, New South Wales. Returning home in 1872, the Prince, who had already, in 1866, been created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Ulster, and Earl of Kent, and had taken his seat in the House of Lords, resided at Clarence House, St. James's, with an income of £15,000 a year, granted by Parliament, to which there was an addition

of £10,000 a year on his marriage. It was at St. Petersburg, on Jan. 23, 1874, that this important event took place, his Royal Highness then wedding the Russian Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, born Oct. 17, 1853, only daughter of the Emperor Alexander II., and sister of the

Emperor now reigning. The nuptial ceremony was performed, first according to the rite of the Greek Church, in the chapel of the Winter Palace, afterwards by Dean Stanley, with the English Church service, in the Alexandra Hall. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown

Prince and Princess of Germany (who became Emperor Frederick and Empress), the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Connaught, and many foreign princes, with the Russian imperial family, were present. On March 7 the newly married pair arrived in England, and on March 12, with her Majesty the Queen, made a state entry into London, welcomed by municipal and popular demonstrations that recalled to memory the reception of Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, eleven years before. Their Royal Highnesses lived at Clarence House, in town, and at Eastwell Park, near Ashford, in Kent. They have five children—namely, Prince Alfred Alexander Ernest William Albert, born Oct. 15, 1874, Earl of Ulster, the only son; Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria, born Oct. 29, 1875, now Crown Princess of Roumania; Princess Victoria Melita, born at Malta, Nov. 25, 1876; Princess Alexandra Louise Olga Victoria, born Sept. 1, 1878; and Princess Beatrice Leopoldine Victoria, born April 20, 1884. The Duke of Edinburgh, with these domestic ties, has still remained an active and useful officer of the Royal Navy. He commanded H.M.S. *Sultan* in the Mediterranean from 1876 to 1878, and the *Black Prince* in the year last mentioned; in 1879 he attained the rank of rear-admiral, and was Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserves from that date to 1882. He held the command of the Channel Squadron as Vice-Admiral in 1883 and 1884, and that of the Mediterranean Squadron from 1886 to 1889; became an Admiral in 1887, and since 1889 has held the post of Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. He is also a Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, honorary Colonel of the Edinburgh Artillery, of the Royal Marines, and of the 3rd Battalion of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders); has been Colonel of the 1st London Artillery Volunteers, and Master of the Trinity House Corporation since 1866. His Royal Highness is an accomplished amateur musician, playing the violin with fair skill. He has been invested with all the highest orders of knighthood, British and foreign, and with honorary degrees of the Oxford and Edinburgh Universities. His abilities and industry are generally recognised, not only in the naval profession but in the estimation of public opinion.



Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH, EARL OF ULSTER.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



*Photo by Heath, Plymouth.*  
PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



*Photo by Heath, Plymouth.*  
PRINCESS VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH.



*Photo by Heath, Plymouth.*  
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF EDINBURGH.



*Photo by Heath, Plymouth.*  
PRINCESS BEATRICE LEOPOLDINE VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH.

## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



THE BRIDE IN HER WEDDING DRESS.



1. PRINCESS MARIE'S TRAVELLING CLOAK.

2. SKATING COSTUME.

3. DAY DRESS.

4. DINNER GOWN.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF EDINBURGH IN  
DRESS WORN AT THE WEDDING.

## THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



Photo by Downey.

PRINCESS MARIE AND HER SISTER PRINCESS VICTORIA.



Photo by Downey.

PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



Photo by Downey.

PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



Photo by Downey.

PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



Photo by Mandy, Bucharest.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA (CARMEN SYLVA).



Photo by Mandy, Bucharest.

THE KING OF ROUMANIA.

## THE FAMILY OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

His Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Victor Albert Mainrad of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Crown Prince of Roumania, was born at Sigmaringen, in South Germany (Württemberg), on Aug. 24, 1865, second son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, Count of Sigmaringen, and of Princess Antonia, Infanta of Portugal, who were married at Lisbon in 1861. The election, in 1866, of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, brother of Prince Leopold, to reign over the Principality of Roumania, was followed, in March 1881, by his proclamation as King of Roumania; and his elder brother, Prince Leopold, having, in June 1885, succeeded his father in the hereditary German possessions, caused the next heir, Prince William, in November 1888, to renounce

his claim of heir-presumptive to the Roumanian Crown in favour of Prince Ferdinand, who thereupon was recognised, by a decree of March 18, 1889, as Crown Prince of Roumania, his uncle, King Charles I., having no children. The Roumanian royal family has been fortunate in other respects, and has, though of purely German origin, gained by frank devotion to the interests of that promising nationality, by sympathetic tact, high intellectual culture, and the military and political efforts of its chief, much popularity in the country, with a very respectable position among the monarchies of Europe. King Charles, who was born at Sigmaringen in April 1839, son of the late Prince Antony of Hohenzollern and of Princess Josephine of Baden, was an officer of dragoons in the Prussian army, and served with fair distinction. Having been elected ruling Prince

of Roumania by the popular suffrage, and recognised by the European Powers, he married, in November 1869, Princess Elizabeth of Wied, the accomplished lady whose talents as a poet and romance-writer, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Carmen Sylva," and her genial scholarship in the study and literary practice of several different modern languages have won considerable fame. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who is just forty-nine years of age, has visited our own country, and has written English works of fiction that may be advantageously compared with some productions of successful contemporary English authors. She is also well versed in the Roumanian language, which is not Slavonic but a dialect of Latin, derived from ancient Roman military colonists settled in Dacia under the Emperor Trajan.



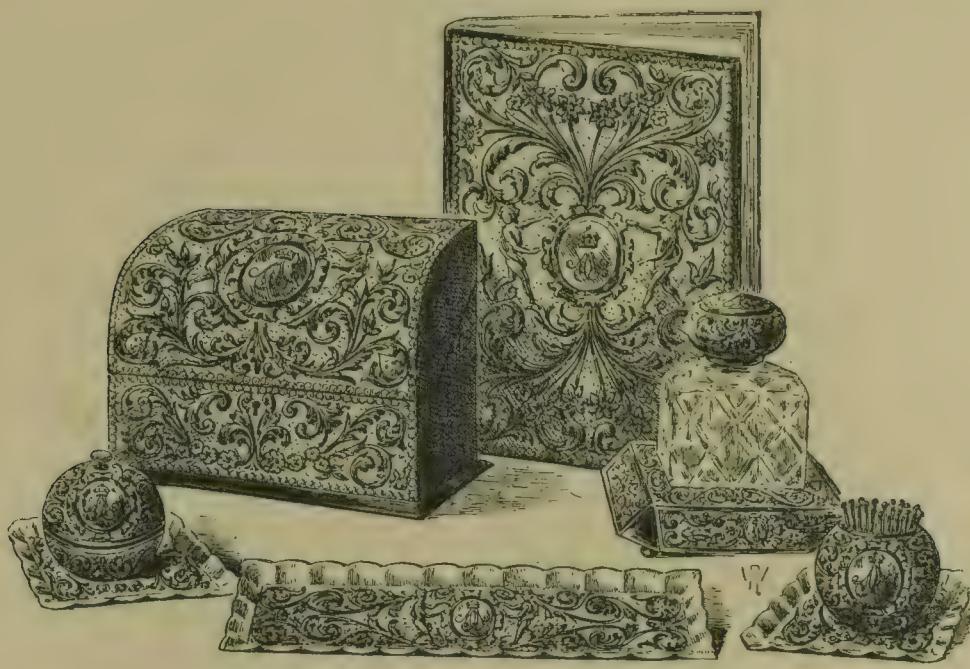
Photo by Kuntzmueller, Baden-Baden.

THE PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN,  
FATHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Photo by Kuntzmueller, Baden-Baden.

THE PRINCESS OF HOHENZOLLERN,  
MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

## PRINCESS MARIE'S WEDDING PRESENTS.



PRESENT FROM OFFICERS OF THE PLYMOUTH GARRISON.

Our Sketches represent a few of the magnificent presents given to H.R.H. Princess Marie of Edinburgh, on the occasion of her marriage. Of special interest is the superb pendant presented by her Majesty the Queen, which will be found illustrated on another page. It is of Jeypore enamel encrusted with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, and edged with large drops of pearl, ruby, emerald, sapphire, and moonstone. It has been obtained

Bond Street, were the makers of this beautiful present. The ladies and gentlemen of the household at Clarence House have selected a lovely silver coffee and tea set of



PRESENTED BY LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

enclosed in a royal red case, bearing a silver plate with inscription. Messrs. Thornhill,

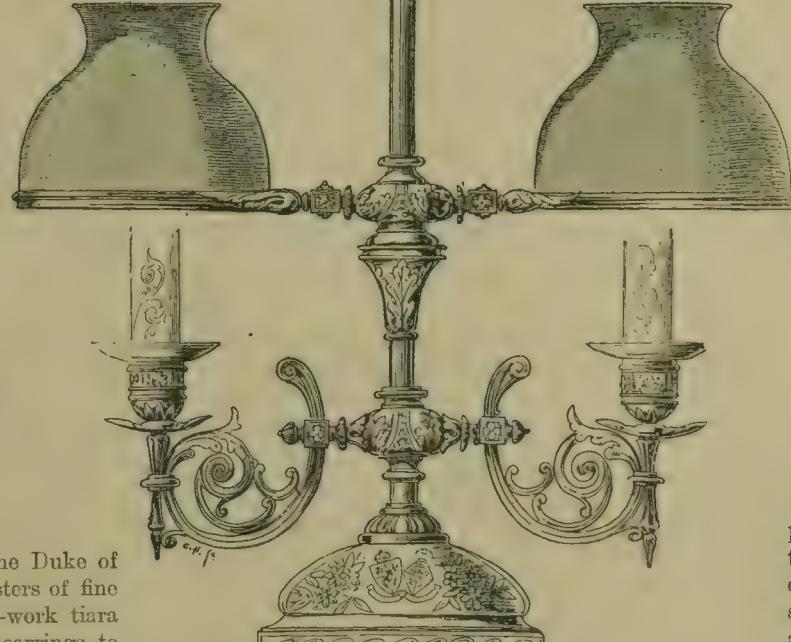
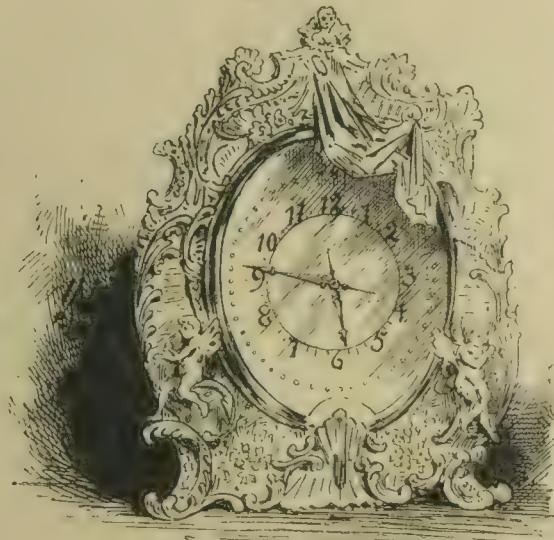
of Georgian design, made by Messrs. Elkington, of 22, Regent Street, W., who also supplied the magnificent silver-gilt tea and coffee service, kettle, and tray, with china cups and saucers, &c., which is the gift of the Sultan of Johore. Lord Rosebery's gifts are two antique punch bowls in a handsome morocco case, made by the same firm, whose own present to the Princess is a lovely gold mirror clock in an antique design of the Louis XIV. period.

The solid silver two-candle lamp has been subscribed for by the Plymouth Division Royal Marine Light Infantry, and supplied by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street. The quaint and beautiful Turkish silver toilet box has been

PART OF SILVER-GILT TEA AND COFFEE SET,  
PRESENTED BY SULTAN OF JOHORE.

from Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur Street. The Duke of Edinburgh's gift is a necklace composed of clusters of fine turquoise surrounded by diamonds, an open-work tiara mounted with turquoise and diamonds, and earrings to match. This beautiful suite was designed and executed by Messrs. Carrington and Co., of 130, Regent Street.

The handsome writing set presented by the officers of the Plymouth garrison consists of a large stationery case, blotter, inkstand, pen-tray, match-stand, and table-bell, formed of richly worked repoussé silver and morocco leather. Each article is ornamented with Princess Marie's monogram, surmounted by a royal crown, and they are

FROM THE PLYMOUTH DIVISION ROYAL MARINE  
LIGHT INFANTRY.

PRESENTED BY MESSRS. ELKINGTON.

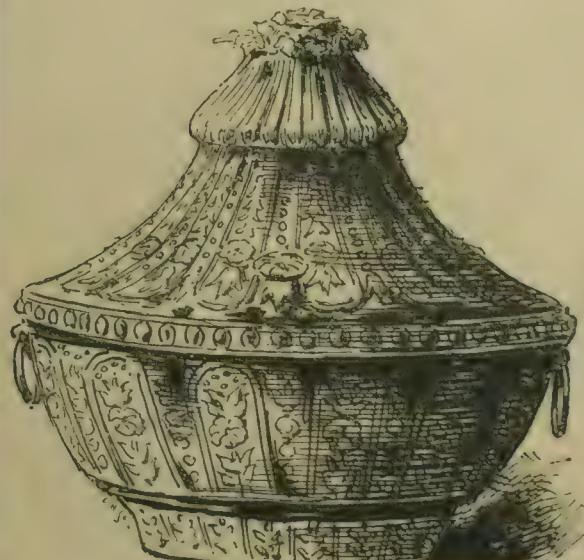
presented by Admiral Woods Pasha. Among other presents the Duchess of Edinburgh presented her daughter with a diamond coronet, brooch, and earrings, a diamond and sapphire brooch, two pearl and diamond bracelets, two pearl and diamond brooches, and a dressing-bag with silver fittings, each engraved with the initial "M" and a coronet. The Duke and Duchess also gave a lovely china toilet set of unique design, and a beautiful china dessert service.



PRESENTED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

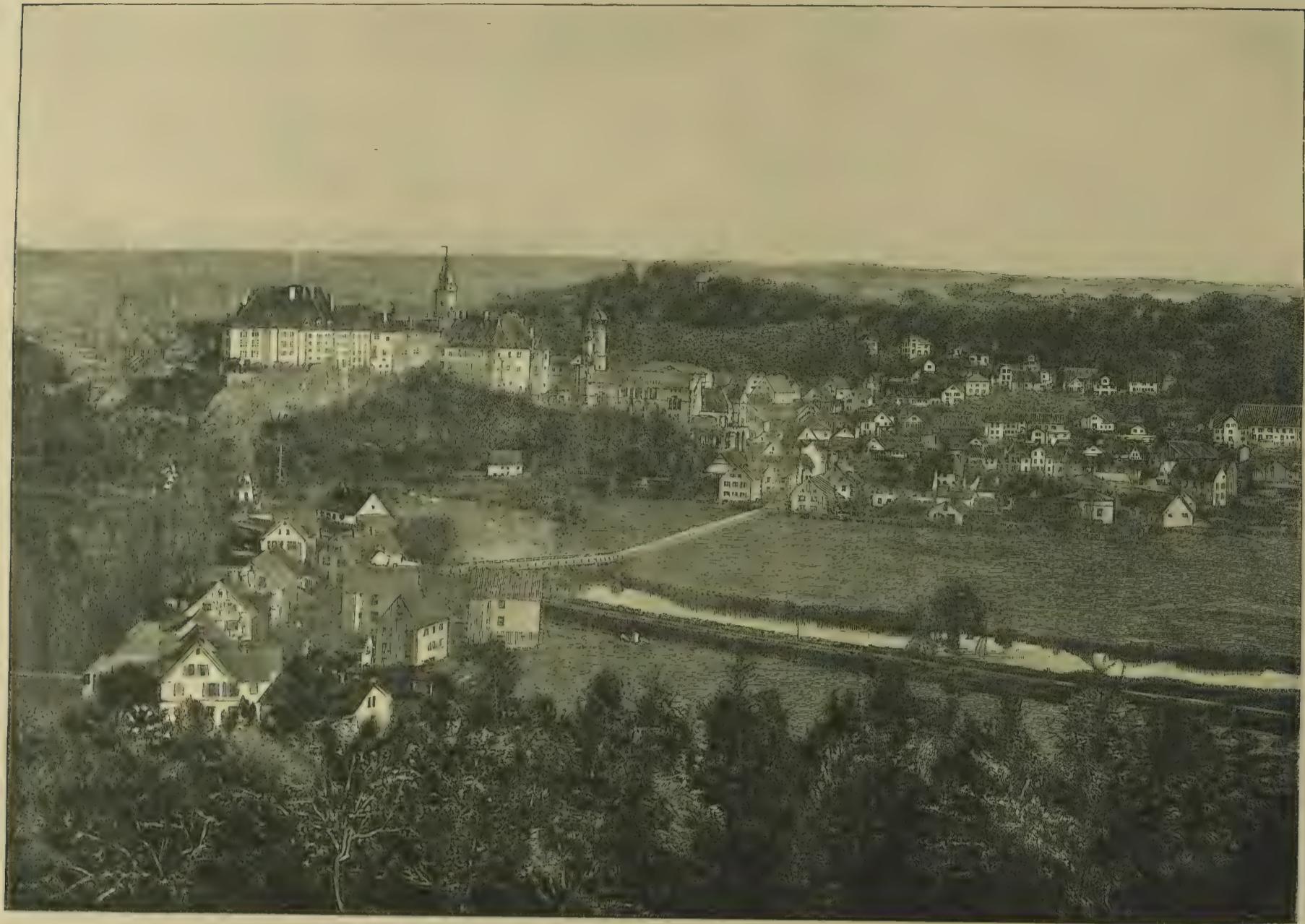


THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S PRESENT.



PRESENTED BY ADMIRAL WOODS PASHA.

## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



TOWN AND CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN: GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

## SIGMARINGEN.

Sigmaringen, the capital of the former Principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, has about 5000 inhabitants, and is the residence of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose grandfather, Prince Charles, ceded his country to Prussia. It lies picturesquely in one of the most beautiful parts of South Germany, surrounded by high mountains and lovely valleys, in a country which was already famous in the Middle Ages for its old castles and fortresses and the fierce feuds enacted between the old dynastic families. This land is the cradle of the powerful house of Hohenzollern, whose foremost representative is now the present German Emperor William II., and to whose members also belong King Charles of Roumania and his eldest brother, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. From far and near the family of Hohenzollern and numerous other illustrious guests have assembled to celebrate the wedding of the Crown Prince of Roumania, second son of Prince Leopold, and Princess Marie of Edinburgh, eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh. Sigmaringen is the centre of the administration of the Hohenzollern States, and the railway lines which connect it with the kingdom of Würtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden enjoy a good traffic. Besides the Roman Catholic church, equally worthseeing

for its age as for its architecture, the town has many imposing buildings—as the House of the Diet, the Government House, the so-called "Prinzenbau," built by the late Prince Charles Antony, the new College, the Protestant church, the Prince's stables, and the extensive buildings of the princely administration. On a steep rock towers the imposing castle, with its very interesting and costly collections of pictures, sculptures, arms, and

German antiquities, as well as the large and very valuable library. Near the town, in the former convent, Hedingen, is the college, founded in 1818 by Prince Anton Aloys; in the adjoining church is the family vault of the princes of Hohenzollern. Sigmaringen is also the centre of the Agricultural Society; it has a county hospital, a lunatic asylum, a county orphanage, a Court theatre, and an agricultural college. On the Karlsplatz there is the monument of the late Prince Charles, on the Marktplatz that of Prince Johann, and in close vicinity to the town the monument to the Hohenzollern soldiers killed in the wars of 1866 and 1870-71. Not far from the town, connected by rail and telephone, lies the beautiful castle of Krauchenwies, one of the summer residences of the wealthy Prince Leopold, where the young royal couple are going to spend their honeymoon. Near the town there is also the magnificent shooting-box, or Jagdschloss, Josephslust, in a large, richly stocked deer park. This part of Germany deserves, on account of its romantic scenery, to be the trysting-place of the English tourist, who would not regret the trip. Sigmaringen is fifty-four miles, by railway, to the south of Tübingen, the well-known University town of Würtemberg, which is sixty-four miles distant from Stuttgart. The Brenskofer-berg commands a fine view of the Danube, here forming a lake-like expanse of calm water,



TOWN AND CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN.

## TASTE IN FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness," in Samson's riddle; and out of the pertinacious question of the inquirer at large may come the topic of an essay. I doubt if I am treating my inquirer fairly, but I burned his letter, I forgot his name and address, and he must take his chance. He wanted to know (they are always wanting to know) which half-dozen novels one thinks the best in the world. He frankly stated that he had written to forty-nine other authorities, which makes four-and-twopence in pennystamps. When he has got forty-nine answers, I suppose that, somehow or other, these replies will get into print—at least, this is the usual end of such amateur inquiries. People write and ask the most idiotic questions: "Do you smoke?" "Do you drink?" "Do you prefer a 'J' pen?" "What are your working hours?" Recently, a bore in America wrote to ask whether one believed in the Perfectibility of Man, and a bore in England sent a long list of questions about pantomimes. Then the replies given by the heedless or good-natured are printed, and scribes with nothing to write about make articles on them, and paragraphs flutter around as the sea-gulls are fluttering now at the window, with the rose of the dawn on their wings.

dozen, and how am I to know whether I was right then or am right now? "The Pathfinder" would have had his place, and "The Last of the Mohicans," also "Ivanhoe," and "The White Chief." Even now "The Last of the Mohicans" can hardly be discarded, and "Ivanhoe" I simply must retain. The new or revised list would probably be—

*Tom Jones,*  
*Amelia,*  
*Old Mortality,*  
*Ivanhoe,*  
*Les Trois Mousquetaires,*  
*La Dame de Monsoreau,*

but that is leaving out "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," and "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield," which it were grossly absurd and ungrateful not to include in the best novels. To choose the best six novelists, or the six we like best, would offer fewer difficulties. Mine would be—

Fielding,	Thackeray,
Scott,	Dickens,
Dumas,	Lever.

But then I want to get in Cooper, and how is one to leave out the Abbé Prévost and Captain Marryat? while it would be affectation in a student who pines for magazine day,

tables with three ladies—Mrs. Odingsell, Mrs. Owen, and Mrs. Anthony Forster. She left the room to get something she wanted; she did not return; probably it was late, and the other ladies thought she had gone to bed. They went to bed also, and the servants, coming back from the fair at Abingdon, found Amy lying with a broken neck at the foot of the corkscrew staircase in the old house of Cumnor Hall. Was Anthony Forster at home at the time? Was Varney in the house? There is no information to be had on these matters, and the novelist's fancy is free to range. Elizabeth and Dudley found Amy very much in their way, no doubt, about that time, but one scarcely thinks that the modern novelist could bring them in guilty, or that his tale could possibly win its way into the first half-dozen.

Indeed, there is no first half-dozen at all, happily for the world, any more than there are a Hundred Best Books. Literature is not so scanty or so limited. The best book is the book you want at any given time.

For example, my best book at this hour is "The Autobiography of James Melville," Professor of Hebrew in the University of St. Andrews in 1581. James, truthful James, tells a story so dramatic that nothing in fiction is better, and I wonder that none of our modern historical novelists has made it his prize. On a road leading



EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOIT: A REMINISCENCE OF A FAMOUS FROST.

On Tuesday, the 17th of January, 1826, Mr. Henry Hunt, jun., for a bet of 100 Guineas made with a Noble Lord of sporting celebrity, drove his Father's Matchless Blacking Van with four blood horses upon the Ice over the Serpentine at the broadest part; he accomplished the hazardous task in the grandest style without the smallest accident. The plate represents his return to the North Bank, from which he had set out amid the acclamations of the multitude.—Vide *Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 18, 1826.

The way to stop bores from boring is not to answer their inquiries at all. There is no hard and fixed line, for example, between the best six novels in the world and the next six. Nobody, perhaps, can say honestly and, as it were, for a permanence which are the six he likes best himself. Imitating the inquirer, and asking an acquaintance, I get the following list—

*Les Trois Mousquetaires,*  
*Vingt Ans Après,*  
*La Reine Margot,*  
*La Dame de Monsoreau,*  
*Les Quarante-Cinq,*  
*Le Crime de l'Opéra.*

This is not a patriotic list: England is conspicuously absent. Alexandre the Great has it all to himself, except for one tale of Boisgobey's. Yet I do not see how, on any principle of honesty, we can exclude the first five on the roll from the best six novels, and some would throw in "Monte Cristo," some "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," so that Dumas would be first and all the rest nowhere. Mr. Howells, perhaps, would make a list of six Tolstois, and many young ladies would select six of Miss Edna Lyall's, while I can readily conceive of one vote being cast for six of Miss Corelli's. Yet perhaps the most exclusive votaries of any author would admit that different arrangements might honestly be made by people of other tastes. There was a time when "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Mr. Verdant Green" would have appeared in my own half-

that he may read "David Balfour," to omit Mr. Stevenson. A hospitable and capacious heart has room for as many novelists as Meleager or Cowley or Patrick Carey found accommodation for pretty young ladies.

We cannot thus limit our passions. It has been foolishly asked whether a man can love more than one woman at a time. It is certain that he can love great numbers of novels and novelists, not knowing which holds the very foremost place in his predilections. Even out of the Waverleys it is hard to choose. Legend says that a company of eminent modern people all preferred "The Bride of Lammermoor," and a rumour—possibly a Tory and malignant rumour—avers that Mr. Gladstone upholds the pre-eminence of "Kenilworth." One's interest in that narrative is damped by the knowledge that poor Amy Robsart had broken her neck exactly fifteen years before "Kenilworth" begins, that she never was Countess of Leicester at all, that her marriage was not a secret marriage, that the good old knight, her father, died before her, and that Varney seems to have had no more to do with the affair than Shakspere, who had written none of his plays when Sir Walter makes everybody quote them. It would be impertinent, perhaps, in a modern novelist to write a new "Cumnor Hall," but the real story contains so much mystery that Mr. Conan Doyle or Mr. Stanley Weyman might try a hand at a fictitious explanation of the facts. From a manuscript in the Domestic Papers of Elizabeth's reign, it seems that, while Amy's servants were amusing themselves at a fair, she was playing at

from St. Andrews to the harbour there is an old gateway, with the royal arms carved above it. No more remains of the *Novum Hospitium*, or New Inn, the house of Mary of Guise and of the Regent Murray. Here James VI. lodged, when "a rather watery boy," as Mr. Carlyle says, in 1580. At that time Esme Stuart, created Duke of Lennox, was the reigning favourite, but Morton, the cruel and unscrupulous, was also in attendance on the King. The local gentry were to act a play in front of the windows of the New Inn: the crowd was gathered, fisherfolk, tradesmen, the scarlet gowns of the students; Morton was gazing out of a window; the King and Lennox were at the window above: all was expectation, but, as usual, the amateur curtain was slow in rising. Then through the crowd beneath came the tall, gaunt form and hairy face of Skipper Lindsay, the town idiot. He began to preach, in imitation of Knox and the rest: he dilated on the judgments of God, he turned to Morton suddenly, and threatened him with prophecy, in the fashion of the political preachers. "He warned him, nocht obscurlie, that his judgment was neir, and his dome was dichtlen." The prophecy was true; already Lennox and James Stewart were laying their snare for Morton, presently his head was to fall: and Lennox, in the window above, must have deemed that his secret was known, and Morton, below, must have heard the words of fate from the lips of the fool—and then the curtain rose, and the gentlemen of Fife played their farce before the rather watery boy. History seldom arranges itself so neatly for the romancer.





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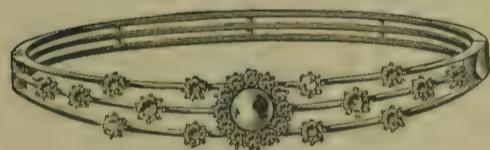
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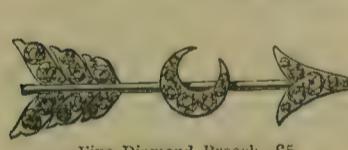
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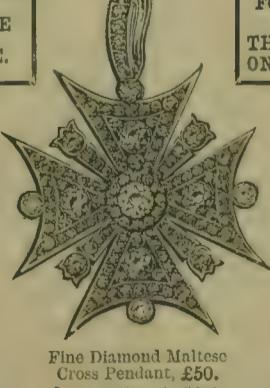


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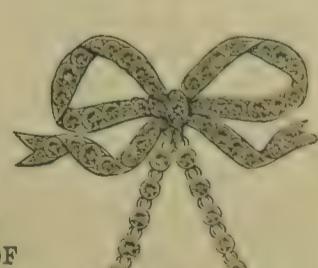


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**MANUFACTORY, CLERKENWELL.**

## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The rival attractions of the Old and New Masters with which the year opens might well suggest the reflection whether or not English art is in a progressive or a retrogressive stage, and how far the teachings of the eighteenth century have profited the painters of the nineteenth. Mr. Burne-Jones would probably go farther back still for his masters, but he cannot altogether shake himself free of all the traditions of the past, and to some period of art he must recognise his indebtedness. It is, however, rather with the pictures at Burlington House that we are dealing on this occasion. The collection, although it brings together some well-known pictures which we have had comparatively recent opportunities of admiring, has, at the same time, sufficient novelties to make the twenty-fourth winter exhibition no less attractive and interesting than its predecessors have been. Among the English artists, Reynolds and Romney are numerically as well as artistically the most strongly represented; but Hoppner and Gainsborough can claim something more than passing notice. Among the foreign masters, Rembrandt and Van Dyck are specially prominent, and some of the portraits by the former are among the most remarkable specimens of his work which have been exhibited at Burlington House.

The arrangement of the collection is on the usual system. The best of the English pictures, or, at all events, the most varied selection, is in the first gallery, and among those which will especially attract notice is one of Landseer's best and most spirited works—"There's life in the old dog yet," painted in 1838—showing how much his power had grown between that work and the "Lion Aroused," which hangs on the opposite wall, and belongs to quite his earliest period. Romney is best represented by his portrait of Mrs. Dawson; Sir Joshua by that of Mrs. Musters—"an exceedingly pretty woman," as Miss Burney assures us and our eyes confirm; and Hoppner by the portraits of the three daughters of Mr. Francis Beresford.

Among the Dutch pictures, the portrait of an old lady by Rembrandt, and the Queen's picture by the same artist, representing "Christ and Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre," are the only two works which are in any sense distinctive. The others are, perhaps, as good, but certainly not better, specimens of their respective masters than we have seen in previous years.

In the large gallery Rembrandt proves himself once more the unrivalled master of chiaro-oscuro; for few, if any, Italian masters could contend on equal terms with the painter of such a picture as "The Man in Armour," belonging to the Glasgow Corporation, or the portrait of the man presumed to be Cornelius van Hooft, the Dutch poet and historian. Van Dyck, although a master of pose as well as of technique, has not been altogether fortunate in his models, especially in his largest picture, that of the group of Wentworth, Earl of Cleveland, and his family. Neither father nor son has a face which inspires much confidence in their mental powers, and the ladies could hardly have taken a prominent place among the Court beauties.

The portraits of a lady and child by the same artist, lent by Earl Brownlow, are interesting as showing Van Dyck in his earliest style, when he was painting under the influence of Rubens rather than of the Italian school, to which he subsequently conformed.

The fourth room, as usual devoted to works of the old Italian masters, is the real "garden of imagination" for their owners. The most sonorous and high-sounding names are boldly attached to the most modest works of art, and, although there often seems but little connection between them, it would be difficult as well as indiscreet to suggest others. The Raphael lent by Baroness Burdett-Coutts has many historical claims to authenticity, and in the grouping of the figures there is much which recalls his earlier work, but the face of the Saviour is alike wanting in dignity and pathos. The "Adoration of the Shepherds," ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, is remarkable chiefly for its naïveté of conception, but in other respects it is surpassed in interest by the triptych representing the closing scenes of the Passion and Death of Christ, which is assigned to Martin Schongauer, whose actual works are rare except in the form of drawings and designs. The "St. Catharine," also a German work, lent by Lady Lilford; the "St. Victor," by Hugo Van der Goes, lent by the Glasgow Corporation; the group of warriors by Michele da Verona; the "St. Peter" and "St. John," by Girolamo dai Libri, are among the most attractive works in this gallery.

The real interest and novelty of the present exhibition, however, lie elsewhere.

In the Water-Colour Room and its annexe are to be found specimens of the work of certain English artists who have been as much ignored by the public as they have been overestimated by a select few. William Blake, Edward Calvert, and Samuel Palmer belong to a group of artists which included, among others, John Linnell, F. O. Finch, W. Tatham, and Mr. George Richmond, R.A., now its sole survivor. They formed together the "League of Poetry and Sentiment," and when not rambling about Kentish lanes assembled at the "House of the Interpreter" (Blake's house) to hear that strange mixture of rhapsody and poetic feeling discourse upon all things moral and divine. At other times they discussed the old dramatists and one modern poet—John Keats—who was recognised as worthy to be associated with Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. Of William Blake enough is known to prove to all ordinary persons that both in painting and poetry his productions are, for the most part, the outpourings of a dreamer. The nine-and-twenty sketches for an illustrated edition of Dante—which was never published—will support this view. They were executed for John Linnell, his friend and protector, who paid him a regular allowance of £2 or £3 a week (£150 in all) during the two years Blake was engaged on these works, of which nearly a hundred were delivered over to the landscape-painter. It must be borne in mind that they were almost, if not quite, the last works on which Blake was engaged, and they consequently bear the impress of an imagination strained to its utmost, and of a hand which had lost much of its delicacy and power. They are very hideous for the most part; but they

were, it must be remembered, produced at a time when Irvingism, Swedenborgianism, and other influences were at work and the interpretation of prophecy was the favourite occupation of divines of many schools. Blake therefore only reflected in an exaggerated degree and transferred to paper Apocalyptic visions which filled the air. He had, however, a singular attraction for men of his time, even for those who declined to follow his art teachings or to accept his theories. Among these were Samuel Palmer and Edward Calvert. Of the first we know nearly every important detail, but of the latter very little. The compilers of the official catalogue seem to have been in considerable doubt about him, for on the cover he is called as Frederick Calvert—a blunder which is probably founded upon Mr. Redgrave's in the compilation of his catalogue of the South Kensington collection of water-colour drawings. There was a Frederick Calvert who lived some sixty years ago, and illustrated various books; but he had nothing in common with Edward Calvert, who introduced himself to Blake one day, and became one of his most intimate friends. His works were chiefly classical figures, and show a very delicate sense of form and line, and an almost timid use of colour. Samuel Palmer, on the other hand, was essentially a colourist and an idealist, although in his later etched work he shows also considerable strength and classical correctness.

In conclusion we must say that if it had been the intention of the Council of the Royal Academy to present a fair idea of the painters of the "League of Poetry and Sentiment," they have brought little effort and less knowledge to the fulfilment of their self-imposed task. The group of painters who were influenced by Blake's religious opinions rather than by his artistic teaching included many of whose works specimens might have been obtained; and to represent Blake himself only by the works of the last years of his life was to give a very erroneous impression of his power.

The court-martial on board the *Swiftsure*, at Devonport, concerning the responsibility of Vice-Admiral H. Fairfax, C.B., commanding the Channel Squadron, for the disaster to H.M.S. *Howe* in entering the port of Ferrol on Nov. 2, terminated on Saturday, Jan. 7, in the acquittal of Admiral Fairfax. It is doubtful whether the ship can now be floated off the rocks and saved.

Photographic literature grows apace. An excellent memorial of the Pall Mall Exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, 1892, lies before us in the shape of an elegant collection of reproductions of the most characteristic pictures. They are carefully criticised by Mr. Charles W. Hastings, a competent judge, and some of the plates are beautiful specimens of work. Take, for example, the delicate Woodbury-Gravure reproducing Mr. H. H. Cameron's splendid photograph of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., engaged on his equestrian statue of "Energy." The book is a veritable *édition de luxe* with its paper, printing, and photography. It issues from the Photographic Publishing Company, 215, Shaftesbury Avenue, and is most creditable to the editor.

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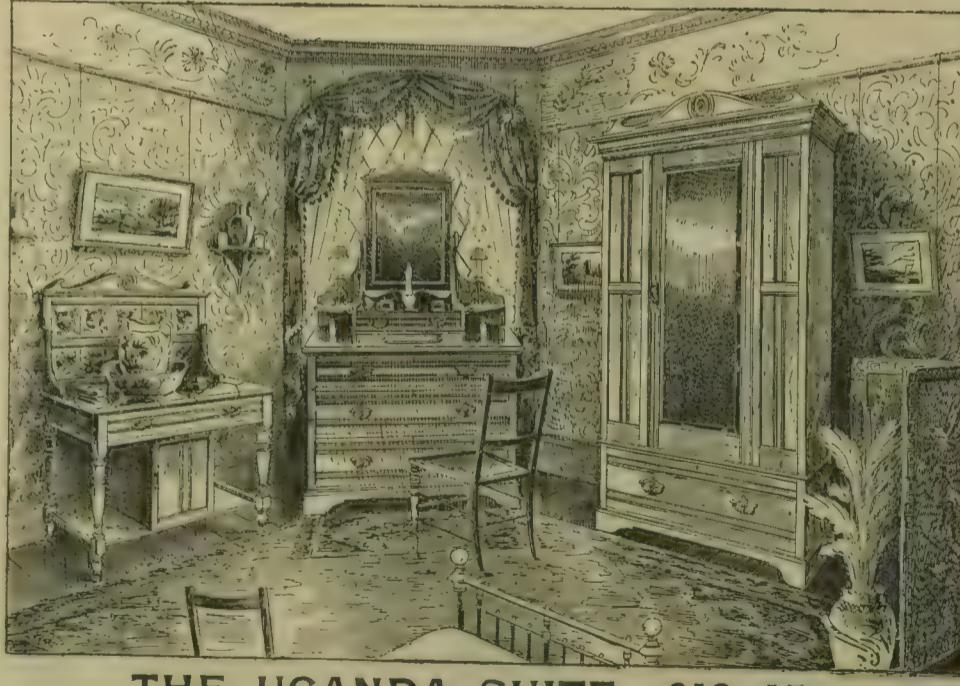
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1892) of Mr. Alfred Richard Creyke, late of Holbrook, near Horsham, Sussex, and of 112, Eaton Square, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 30 by Colonel Sir William Assheton Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., John Birkbeck Lubbock, and Richard Dawes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £180,000. The testator gives the Holbrook estate, 112, Eaton Square, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Rose Rebecca Creyke; and there are other gifts to her. He bequeaths £500 each to the Church Extension Association, Kilburn Park Road, and St. Stephen's Orphanage, York; £500 each to Richard Patrick Clogstoun, John Charles Watts, Bertie Lubbock, and his niece, Barbara Bagge; £200 each to his executors; and to each servant in his service at his death £5 for each complete year of service. The residue of his real and personal estate, except his property in New Zealand, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death he further bequeaths £6000 each to five daughters of his sister, Caroline Julia Bagge; £12,000 to Stephen Salusbury Bagge, son of his said sister; £2000 to Sir Robert Grenville Harvey, Bart.; £7000 to Captain Charles Bateson Harvey; £7000 to his niece Thyra Creyke; £6000 to his niece Freyda Creyke; £12,000 to his nephew, Rolf Creyke; £24,000, in equal shares, to the four daughters of his brother, Walter Pennington Creyke; £12,000 to Launcelot Creyke, the son of his said brother; and the ultimate residue to his wife absolutely. By a separate will (dated July 22, 1889) the testator gives all his real and personal estate in New Zealand to his wife absolutely.

The will as contained in papers A and B (dated June 16, 1886, and July 1, 1886), with three codicils (dated May 2, 1889, and April 22 and May 4, 1891), of the Hon. Mrs. Georgina Augusta Henrietta Godolphin Osborne Elphinstone, widow of Lord William Godolphin Osborne Elphinstone, late of Tullyallan Castle, Kincardine-on-Forth, and 110, Piccadilly, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Jan. 4 by the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne, the niece, one

of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £77,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to St. George's Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West Hill, Putney Heath, and the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen Square, Bloomsbury; £500 each to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution and Greenwich Royal Hospital; £10,000 to her niece Madame La Marquise de Lavallée; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for the person entitled to the Keith estate, entailed under the will of her late father, Lord Viscount Keith.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1889) of the Rev. Edward Augustus Pitcairn Campbell, J.P., late of Vicars Cross, Chester, who died on Nov. 22 at Colwyn Bay, was proved on Dec. 30 by Mrs. Harriet Campbell, the widow, and Frank Tobin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £62,000. The testator gives all his real estate to his son, Archibald Douglas Pitcairn Campbell; £2000 each to his daughter, Helen Pitcairn Campbell, and his nephew Alexander Penrose Gordon Cumming; £2000, upon trust, for his nephew William Pitcairn Campbell; £500 to his brother, James Pitcairn Campbell; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

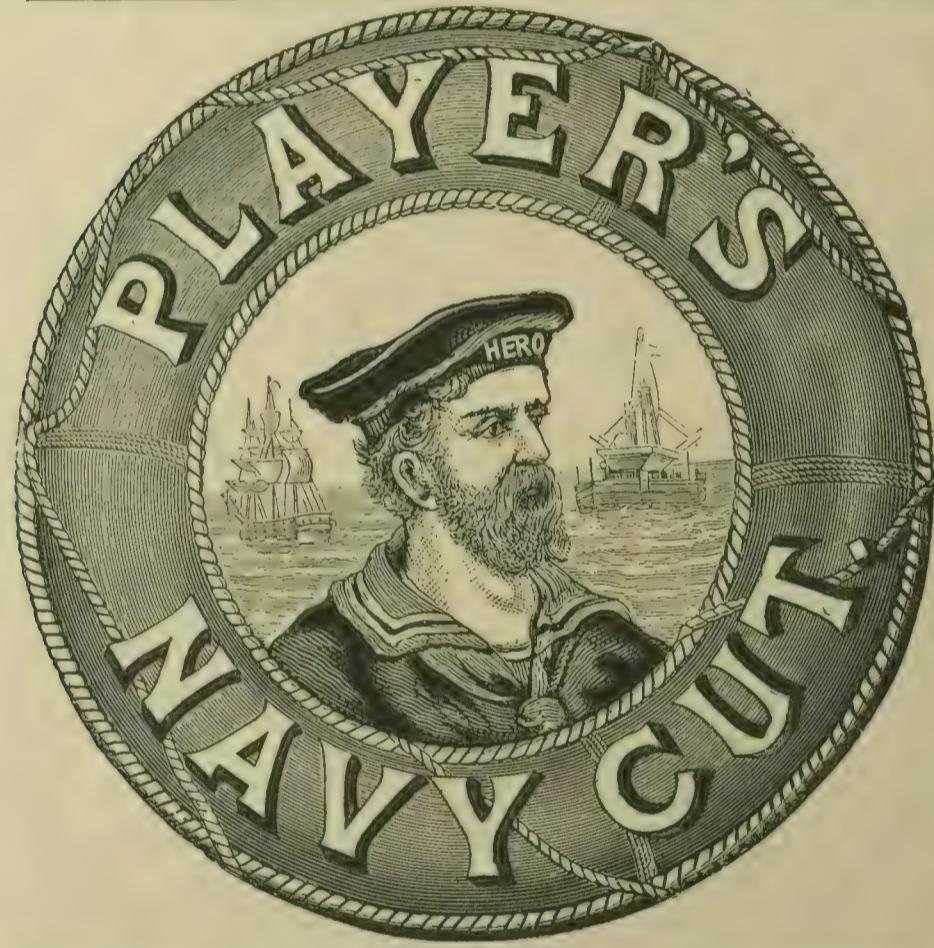
The will (dated Feb. 27, 1892) of Captain Hugh Montgomery Campbell, J.P., late of Bennington Park, Stevenage, Herts, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Dec. 23 by Arthur William Montgomery Campbell, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £47,000. The testator bequeaths £8500 Colonial and Railway Stock, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, Mrs. Rosa Campbell, during widowhood, then as to £500 for his daughter, Margaret, and as to the remainder for his said son; £1500 to his said daughter; and £50 to his sister, Julia. There are also some specific bequests to his wife and children. All his landed estate, subject to the payment of an annuity of £320 to his sister, Julia, he gives to his son; he also gives him the residue of his personal estate.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1891) of Mr. James Frowd, late

of 35, Kingsdown Road, Upper Holloway, who died on Nov. 23 at 58, Upper Harley Street, was proved on Dec. 30 by Mrs. Mary Frowd, the widow, Joseph Frowd, the son, and Miss Eliza Dummett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects and £100 to his wife; £1000 each to his four sons, Joseph Frowd, James Jennings Frowd, John Jennings Frowd, George Jennings Frowd, and his daughter Rhoda Jennings Frowd; and £50 to Miss Dummett. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £300 per annum to his wife during life or widowhood; and £150 each per annum to his daughters Mrs. Buist, Mrs. Winslade, and Mrs. Ogden for their respective lives. Subject to some bequests to grandsons, the ultimate residue is to be divided between his said four sons and his daughter Rhoda.

The will (dated July 20, 1892) of Chevalier Roberto Carpi, late of 8, Via Farini, Florence, who died on July 20, was proved in London on Dec. 27 by Henry Wells Smart, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths 200,000 lire to his nephew, Arturo Carpi; 150,000 lire each to Berta Bargoni, Paolina Carpi, and Giulio Carpi; 100,000 lire each to his niece, Ester Carpi, Arnaldo Bargoni, and his executor, Marco Morpugode Nilma; 3000 lire each to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Florence, and the Victor Emanuel Institute for the Blind; and many other legacies to relatives, servants, and others. He appoints as his universal heir his brother, Benedetto Carpi.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1892) of Mrs. Mary Chapman, late of Stolzenfels, Torquay, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 21 by Thomas Charles Mills, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her East Indian Railway Deferred Annuity, upon trust, for her niece Henrietta Graham, for life, then as to £2000 for Edith Baker, and as to the remainder as her said niece shall appoint; £3000 each to her nephew, Colonel Usher Morris, and her niece Mrs. Anna Baker; £2000 to her niece Mrs. May Thomas; £1000 each, upon trust, for her



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"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results."

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application."

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude."

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

## ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

## LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

## FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

## STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

## RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

## SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

## CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskelly, Ceylon, writes—

"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

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From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

## CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

## RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



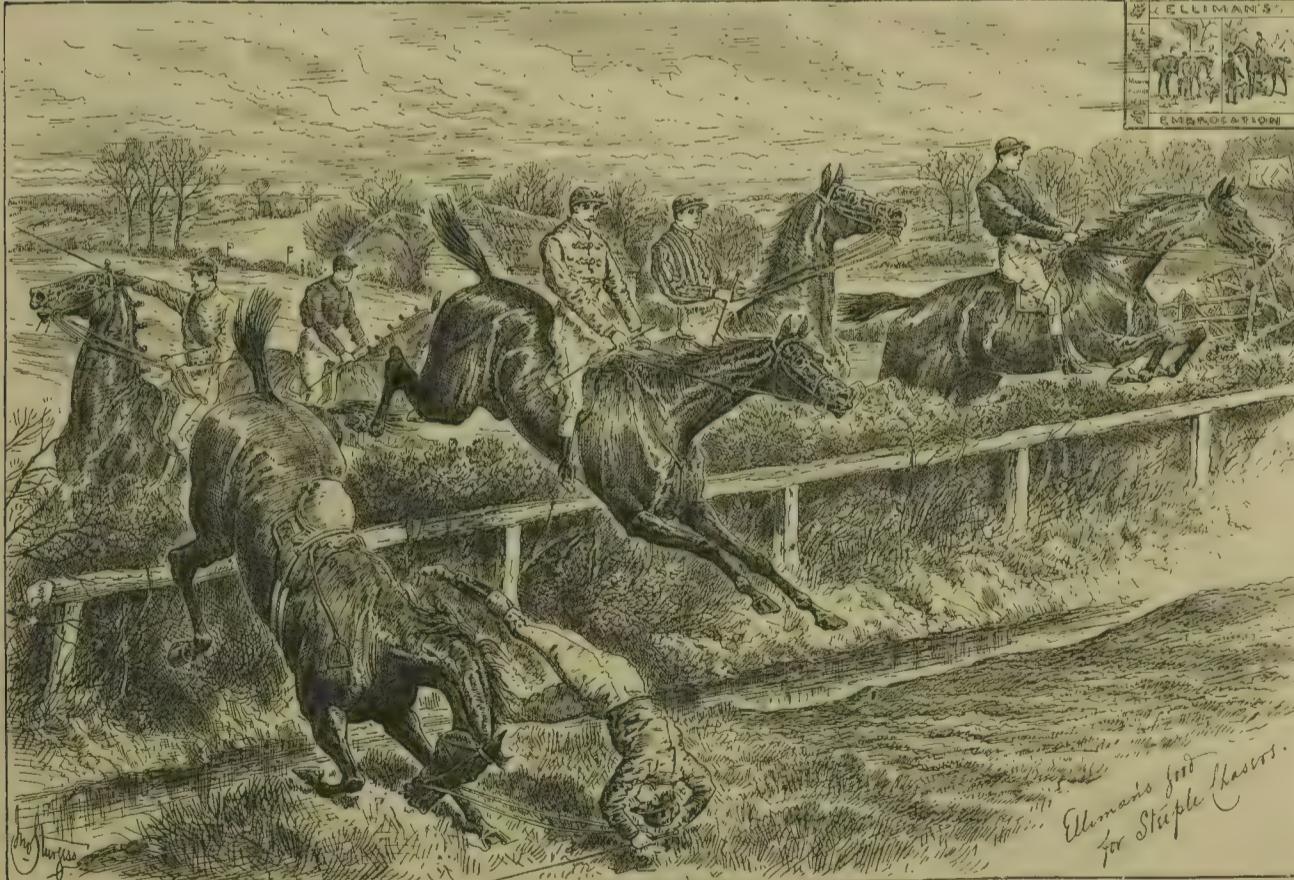
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"2nd Dragoon Regiment."

Tandem Stables, Evanston, U.S.A.

"April 6, 1890.  
"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it."

"R. J. STEPHENSON."

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## ELLIMAN'S

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grandnieces Elsie and Hilda Cooke; £500 to her grand-niece Mrs. Crawshay; and legacies to her executor, butler, housemaid, and maid. The residue of her real and personal estate is to be equally divided between the said Usher Morris, Henrietta Graham, Anna Baker, and May Thomas.

The will (dated May 25, 1887), with a codicil (dated Nov. 29, 1889), of the Rev. John Mount Barlow, late of Ewhurst, Surrey, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Dec. 27 by Algernon Barlow and Lyonell Barlow, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. There are some gifts to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Eliza Barlow, and to children. As to the residue of his property, the income of one-third is to be paid to his wife, for life, and subject thereto the same is to be divided among his children, in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement, dated Aug. 23, 1886, of Sir George Husband Baird Macleod, M.D., F.R.S., J.P., D.L., Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Scotland, who died on Aug. 31, granted to Sophia Lady Macleod, the widow and executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 28, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £18,000.

The will of Mr. Thomas Heaton Lovett, J.P., late of Belmont, Salop, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 28 by Major Hubert Richard Lovett, the son, and Edward William Vaughan, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000.

The will of Mr. Frederick Cockburn, Queen's Coroner and Attorney and Master of the High Court, late of 39, Clanricarde Gardens, Kensington, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Dec. 30 by Mrs. Emily Vickers Cockburn, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £3000.

A great fire, causing the loss of two lives and destruction of property to the value of £150,000, took place at Liverpool on Thursday night, Jan. 5, in a six-storey warehouse in Juniper Street, occupied by Messrs. J. R. Thompson and Co., and stored with cotton owned by three different firms. Two police fire-brigade men, named Beere and Watt, were killed by the falling of a wall, and three others badly injured.

An unpublished letter from Dr. Livingstone will appear in the *Young Man* for February. It was addressed to his intimate friend, Dr. James Hamilton, and was brought to England by Stanley. To the same number Archdeacon Farrar will contribute "The Story of a Choice in Life, and What Came of It"; and the Archdeacon of London will write on "The Ideal Theatre." Dr. Sinclair is by no means opposed to the stage, and considers that "Something like an ideal level has been reached by the Lyceum in the hands of my friend Mr. Irving."

## OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN GIBBONS, BART.

Sir John Gibbons, of Stanwell Place, in the county of Middlesex, J.P. and D.L., fifth baronet, died on Jan. 6. He was born Aug. 30, 1825. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford (B.A. 1846, M.A. 1849); succeeded his grandfather March 26, 1844. He was Sheriff of Middlesex in 1891. He represented the Stanwell Division in the Middlesex County Council. He is succeeded by his brother Charles, Captain R.N. (retired), who was born in 1828. The present baronet served in the Black Sea during the Russian War, obtaining the Crimean medal with clasp and medal. He married, in 1864, Lydia Martha, daughter of the late Major John Doran, of Ely House, Wexford.

SIR LYDSTON NEWMAN, BART.

Newman, of Mamhead, in the county of Devon, J.P. and D.L., third baronet, died on Dec. 29. He was born Nov. 14, 1823, and succeeded his brother, Captain Sir Robert Lydston Newman, Nov. 5, 1854. He married Emma, daughter of the late Mr. Field Dudley. He was formerly captain in the 7th Hussars. He was High Sheriff in 1871. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Hunt Stapylton Dudley Lydston Newman, now the fourth baronet, who was born Oct. 27, 1871. The second baronet, it is interesting to recall, was one of the officers of the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea, and was killed at Inkerman.

SIR WILLIAM SMITH, BART.

Sir William Smith, of Eardiston, in the county of Worcester, J.P. and D.L., third baronet, died on Jan. 4. He was born Oct. 5, 1823, and succeeded his father in 1839. He was formerly captain in the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. He married, on May 5, 1843, Susan, daughter of Sir W. G. Parker, Bart., R.N., late of Sutton House, Plymouth. She died in 1892.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, one of the most gifted ministers in the Free Church of Scotland, on Dec. 30, aged eighty-two. He was a native of Edinburgh, and was educated at the High School. For twenty years he laboured at Collace, Perthshire. When the Disruption came Dr. Bonar joined the Free Church. He started a new church at Finnieston, where he remained until his death. He was Moderator of the Free Assembly in 1878. Up till the last Sunday of his life he was an effective preacher.

Mr. E. S. D. Cowley, on Jan. 1, who was Jager to

the late Prince Consort, and afterwards was appointed to the same post in the Queen's household. Mr. Cowley retired in 1881. He was seventy-six years of age.

The great entomologist, Professor John Obadiah Westwood, the oldest professor at Oxford, on Jan. 2, aged eighty-seven. His career is detailed in another page.

The Venerable Haham Bashi (Chief Rabbi) Rafail Meir Panisel, on Jan. 2, at whose house in Jerusalem the two sons of the Prince of Wales witnessed the celebration of the Passover.

Mr. H. C. Greenwood, stipendiary magistrate for the Potteries, on Jan. 4.

A well-known supporter of good works, Mr. William J. Palmer, on Jan. 4, aged sixty-eight. He was one of the founders of Huntley and Palmer.

A French dramatist and novelist of some note—M. Albert Delpit—at Paris on Jan. 4, aged forty-three. The Academy gave him the Vitet prize in 1880.

General W. C. Anderson, C.S.I., on Jan. 3, aged seventy. He joined the Indian Army in 1839.

The Bishop of Moulins, on Jan. 5, at the advanced age of eighty-one. His father was Chamberlain to Louis XVI.

The Rev. Thomas White Ridley, a former President of the Methodist New Connexion.

The Rev. Christopher E. Wyvill, Rector of Spennithorne, Yorks, on Jan. 6.

Captain W. R. Dixon, at the age of fifty-three, who superintended the Union Steam-ship Company at Southampton.

M. Jovan Boshkovics, Servian Minister of Education and Public Worship, on Jan. 7.

Mr. Hawley Smart, the novelist, on Jan. 8. He was the author of many stories, dealing chiefly with sporting subjects, among which "Breezie Langton" was best known. Other popular works by Mr. Smart were "A Race for a Wife," "Broken Bonds," and "Sunshine and Snow." He was in his sixty-first year.

An audacious burglary and jewel robbery took place on Friday, Jan. 6, at the premises of the "Association of Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths," 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square. It was half-past six in the evening, the place was brightly illuminated with electric light and gas, and people were passing near. The burglars, nevertheless, removed a part of the front window, which was made so as to be shifted and attached by certain fastenings. This was carried away and left at the back of Messrs. Shoolbred's premises in Tottenham Court Road. Goods were stolen to the value of several hundreds of pounds.

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## MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts were resumed, after a brief interval for the Christmas holidays, on Saturday, Jan. 7, when a Beethoven programme was presented. It included the ever-welcome septet, which rarely fails to draw a crowd—as it did not in this instance, St. James's Hall being well filled everywhere but in the stalls. To describe the performance would be a mere repetition of eulogies already uttered, seeing that the interpreters—Lady Hallé, Messrs. Straus, Egerton, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti—had many a time before been associated in the same task. Enough, therefore, that they were excellent as ever, and that the beauties of the work were unfolded in all the fullness of their undying charm. Sir Charles Hallé was at his best in the "Funeral March" sonata. His reading may in the opinion of some have lacked "soul," but for simple purity of phrasing, clearness of execution, and refinement of style it could hardly have been surpassed. The worthy knight was also heard in conjunction with Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti in the pianoforte trio Op. 70, No. 1, which worthily served to open the concert. Madame Alice Gomez, the vocalist of the afternoon, contributed materially to the pleasure of the audience by her rendering of songs by Schubert and Goring Thomas.

Mr. Arthur Chappell was less fortunate in point of attendance on the following Monday evening, for the weather was then miserable in the extreme, and not even the full complement of subscribers, much less a crowd of humbler amateurs, could be induced to venture forth, despite the presence in the scheme of such a

powerful attraction as the Schubert octet. For the past seven seasons this delightful work has figured regularly in the active repertory of the "Pops," having previously been heard there at close intervals (never of longer than three years apart) since its first production in 1867. The performers engaged upon Schubert's work were Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Straus, A. Smith, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, all of whom had been heard in it before but Mr. A. Smith, an able clarionettist, who replaced Mr. Egerton at short notice and acquitted himself extremely well. Lady Hallé was unlucky enough to break her A string during the andante with variations, and had to retire to change her violin, the movement being recommenced on her return. It was, on the whole, superbly played. Mr. Frederick Dawson, a clever young pianist hailing from Manchester, gave, together with Signor Piatti, a smooth and artistic rendering of Beethoven's duet sonata in F, Op. 5, and was also heard alone in Chopin's A flat Polonaise. In both efforts Mr. Dawson impressed his audience more than favourably; the Polonaise, which came quite at the end of the concert, being played with such brilliancy and vigour that a double recall resulted. We were glad to welcome back to these concerts that charming singer Miss Louise Phillips. Her pleasing voice and delicate art were made most agreeably manifest in songs by Brahms, Pessard, and Godard.

Senor Sarasate comes to us at times when other concert-givers hold aloof from sheer disbelief in the possibility of drawing together half an audience. He alone among violinists ventures to take St. James's Hall before the autumn season has fairly begun or while amateurs are supposed to be enjoying the repose of the Christmas recess.

On Jan. 9 the big concert-room was crammed to its utmost capacity by music-lovers anxious to hear Senor Sarasate with orchestra in such works as Max Bruch's third violin concerto, the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso of Saint-Saëns, and his own characteristic "Muineira," not to speak of the encores which, as in the case of a certain illustrious prima donna, can be looked forward to in the light of "certainties." There is little need to tell how the Spanish virtuoso played these things. He was, however, particularly happy in the concerto, which, it will be remembered, he first introduced into this country in the autumn of 1891. Its difficulties are to him "trifles light as air"; its impassioned sentiment appeals to his temperament; its long-drawn melodies call forth all the grace and elegance of his phrasing and the exquisite charm of his tone in its most delicate nuances of colour and shade. Senor Sarasate's performance of the latest Max Bruch concerto was in this instance a triumph of virtuosity and intellectuality combined. For once, the success of the great soloist was shared by his orchestra, which did remarkably well in the accompaniments, and earned special honours in Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. Sir William Cusins has seldom conducted with greater vigilance and tact, or secured a more satisfactory ensemble.

Madame Patti opened her operatic campaign in the Riviera on Jan. 9 with a brilliant appearance at Nice in "Il Barbier." She has undertaken to appear in at least three gala performances in Milan, beginning on the 19th with "La Traviata." It is probable that Madame Patti will remain in Milan for the production of Verdi's "Falstaff," which event is confidently expected to come off before the end of the second week in February.

## MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 20, 1892, at H.B.M.'s Consulate, and afterwards at St. Mark's Church, Alexandria, by the Rev. E. J. Davis, Alan Roger Birdwood, second son of Sir George Birdwood, to Anna Currie, only daughter of the Rev. S. C. Ewing, D.D., of the American Mission, Alexandria, and Consular Agent for the United States of America.

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D. R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

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